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WORDS

OF

A BELIEVER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

OF

F. DE LA MENNAIS.

NEW-YORK:

CHARLES DE BEHR, PUBLISHER,

No. 102, Broadway.

1834.

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NEW-YORK:
HENRY LUDWIG, PRINTER,
No. 72, Vesey-street.

WORDS OF A BELIEVER.

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PREFACE.

THE author of "*Paroles d'un Croyant*" has been a Romish Priest of much celebrity. He is now no longer living within the pale of the Church of Rome, having received, first the injunction of silence from his bishop, and afterward a sentence of excommunication from the Vatican, for his authorship of the work which is now submitted in translation to the American reader.

A short sketch of the career of the Abbé de la Mennais may not therefore be unacceptable, before entering upon the perusal of his book.

For a period of forty years no Romish Priest has commanded, by means of his writings, a more powerful sway over public opinion than the Abbé de la Mennais. He has deservedly stood high, and richly merited the honour awarded him by his brother Churchmen, in being called by them "the Bossuet of the Nineteenth Century."—Indeed, his enemies themselves fully appreciating his originality of thought, his comprehensive views of all subjects upon which he has employed his pen, the acuteness of his reasoning powers, and the beautiful eloquence of his style, have borne testimony to the justice of this high compliment. He published during the first years of the restoration in France, "*an essay on indifference in matters of religion.*" —In this work, which comprises several volumes, the author attacks successively, atheists, deists, and protestants. This was a production of much ability, and was received with ardent enthusiasm by his brother Romanists, who were rejoiced to find a combatant so able, entering the lists to fight

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against what they conceived to be either absolute infidelity, or unpardonable heresy. After this, the Abbé published other works, in which his design seemed to be to exhibit particularly, the relative bearing of religion and politics upon each other. At this time (that is between the years 1820 and 1830) M. de la Mennais supported the principles of absolute power, and was indeed so high a monarchist, that he pronounced Spain to be the best model of good government in the world. He advocated the right and the policy of an established religion, nor could he conceive how any state properly regulated could tolerate various modes of worship. In politics he censured fearlessly all that had been done in France since the beginning of the revolution in the year 1789: he derided liberal principles, and stood forth one of the boldest and most powerful champions of the old dynasty. In matters of religion he was what was called an "*ultramontane*;" that is to say, he denied the freedom of the Gallican Church from Papal supremacy, and vested the infallibility of the Church of Rome in his Holiness himself: he also denied the four articles of the famous declaration of Bossuet in the assembly of clergy in the year 1682. He asserted for the Pope an absolute authority over France in spiritual matters, and claimed that no man either Priest or Layman had, in conscience, the least right to offer resistance to the decrees of the Roman Pontiff. Such in brief were some of the opinions entertained by the Abbé de la Mennais during the reign of Charles the Tenth. And it may be added that his respect for the right of absolute power was so great that the government itself, then under the control of the Jesuits, charged him with excessive extravagance upon this point.

But the Abbé is now no longer the advocate of despotism. When the three revolutionary days of July, 1830, changed the political aspect of France, they seem also to have changed M. de la Mennais, for since that time he has struggled hard to stop the current of his old opinions: he has become the strenuous, nay, almost reckless advocate of liberty and liberal principles.

For the purpose of giving currency to his new opinions, M. de la Mennais associated himself with certain friends in Paris:—with these friends he commenced the publication of a journal which he styled "*l'Avenir*" (The Future) hoping probably, to gain France over to his principles, and conduct her in future on the road to liberty, under the banners of Romanism. It may be well here to give the leading opinions of the editors of "*l'Avenir*" as published by M. de la Mennais in December, 1830.

1. "They hold to a union with the Holy See, regarding this union as an essential and indelible characteristic of their church, and abhorring with all their soul the slightest appearance and shadow of schism. They submit implicitly to the sovereign Pontiff as to the Vicar of Jesus Christ upon earth. They adhere wholly and without the least reserve to the doctrines of the Holy See, rejecting with disgust the opinions called Gallican."

2. "In Politics they acknowledge the present government of France as established by the charter, and they promise to obey it and defend it so long as the government shall itself obey the charter and respect the rights therein guaranticd. They are ready if necessary to fight and to die in defence of their liberty."

3. "They demand chiefly and especially liberty of religion, full, universal, impartial. They wish the church to be wholly separate from the state;

and that the clergy should enjoy entire independence in spiritual matters. They protest against the claim of the government to have a voice in the appointment of Bishops, and in general, against all interference whatever of the political power in matters of religion, regarding such interference as a tyrannical usurpation."

4. "They demand liberty of education, viewing it as a natural right and, so to speak, the most essential liberty of a family. They reject all the restrictions imposed by former governments upon the free instruction of all classes of citizens. They claim that every Frenchman has a right to open a school, and to teach youth, provided he furnishes satisfactory evidence of his capacity and good moral character."

5. "They demand also the liberty of the press, because they believe in the force of truth. They do not deny that this liberty may be abused, but they believe that the remedy is always found by the side of the evil, and that the press is the most active means which can be given to men to hasten the progress of civilization. They claim that taxes and all other legal shackles which now encumber the periodical press should be removed."

6. "They demand also the liberty of association, because wherever there exists a common interest, a common sentiment, or a common faith, it is natural for men to unite together. *Wo to them who are alone!* When man is isolated, the political power can easily subject him to tyranny, but when men combine together they oppose strong barriers to all usurpations."

7. "They demand also that the right of suffrage should be extended so as to include the mass of the people, and thus to secure at once public power and order."

8. "They demand the abolition of the system of centralization which concentrates all powers and all interests at Paris, to the injury of the provinces. They desire the organization of provincial and commercial governments."

"Such," says M. de la Mennais, "are the doctrines of '*l'Avenir*,' and we have a firm hope that they will gradually dissipate many prejudices, calm much passion, and bring together hearts long divided. Let us never forget that union alone will save us; a union springing from confidence, as confidence itself springs from a respect for mutual rights. Happy shall we be if our efforts, which nothing can discourage may contribute to hasten their brotherly union, and to establish on an immovable foundation, order and liberty in our beautiful country."

These are the opinions of M. de la Mennais since the year 1830. Such opinions were not sanctioned by Pope Gregory the Sixteenth. Indeed, many of the French clergy disavowed them. The Abbé made a journey to Rome, and there solicited an audience with his Holiness, relative to the continuance of the publication of his journal. The Pope, however, disapproved of it, and the Priest, unwilling to encounter the thunders of the Vatican, at length suppressed the publication. But his party, though silent, still lived in Paris, and by many the Pope was censured. The fire was still burning, though partially smothered. At length, to the astonishment of all, M. de la Mennais throws out to the people of France his book "*Paroles d'un Croyant.*" His own brother writes to his Bishop expressing his sorrow for the appearance of the work: M. de la Mennais is silenced, and afterwards excommunicated. Such is the history of this singular man, as gathered from the statements of the

French correspondent of one of our most respectable religious journals.*

It only remains to speak briefly of the work now in the reader's hands. It is remarkable on many accounts. If nothing more were known of it, than that hundreds of thousands of copies (we would be understood literally,) have been sold in France, this single fact would perhaps justify the natural curiosity of thoughtful men to examine for themselves a book which has met with a demand so uncommonly extensive.

But there are other and more interesting points of view in which this little work may be considered. The advocates of liberal principles in France, have unfortunately but seldom been heard to utter the slightest word which could be construed into an approbation or acknowledgment of the claims of Christianity. Indeed, with the single exception of the gifted Chateaubriand, our author may be considered as standing alone, in avowing himself to be alike the friend of Christianity, and of civil liberty. In the bloody scenes of the first revolution of France, the cause of Freedom suffered, because the frightful horrors of a fierce and lawless democracy which profaned the holy name of liberty were identified with the cause of infidelity. But true freedom has no alliance with infidelity. Rational liberty will ever find her best support in the mild, the benevolent, and equitable principles of Christianity. To this great truth, the eyes of the Abbé de la Mennais have been opened by an observation of the melancholy fact presented in the history of his own beautiful country, that successful revolutions do not always result in the establishment of liberty. He has discovered that it is not sufficient merely that men should

* The New-York Observer.

deliver themselves from wrong and oppression; but they must also on principle learn themselves not to oppress others in their turn; they must do to others as they would have others do to them; and thus the simple principle of mutual love, of kindness between man and man, so beautifully illustrated in the gospel, has brought him to the true secret of human liberty.

Again, this little book presents a singular developement of the operations of the human mind; an attentive observation of which will not be without profit. Extremes, it is well known, often meet; we are here furnished with an illustration of this truth, and that too in the case of a mind of no common order. Had the Abbé de la Mennais lived in our own happy country, it is believed that his book would not have been exactly what it is. Commencing with a correct principle, he has sometimes forgotten, and sometimes misapplied it: nor is this wonderful. At first the fearless advocate of principles the most despotic and absolute, both in religion and politics; he at length discovers his mistake, and with the ardour of a neophyte, in his opposition to former errors, he leaps to the other extreme. At one moment inculcating holiness, and gentleness, and patience, and love, in strains of eloquence unsurpassed in any language; at another, we find him infusing the spirit of hatred and of war. At one moment teaching men with all the force of impressive allegory that they owe to each other mutual support, and that in union is to be found happiness no less than strength; at another, forgetful of the fact that love and kindness can be exhibited only in a state of mutual dependance, he abuses the truth of men's equal right to the common bounties of Providence, by the assertion of an

equality without restriction; an equality which cannot exist without the entire subversion of the exercise of that mutual kindness which he inculcates. For the one must ask of his neighbour that to which, if all are equal, he has no just claim; and the other in bestowing, must, by depriving himself, at once produce inequality.

Our author, therefore, is not always entirely consistent with himself, and hence the translator desires not to be held responsible for all the opinions which are advanced by De la Mennais. That he has been, by some harshly judged in France, is not surprising. Many things which an American believes and knows to be true as to the rights of an intelligent being in a state of society, may very readily shock the over-sensitive jealousy of a decided monarchist, who in his trembling apprehension, is apt to magnify very harmless truths in the science of government into principles subversive of all government. Thus in France, our author has been termed an Agrarian; in answer to the charge it is only necessary to say—read his book.

As to the translation itself, the effort has been to preserve the spirit of the original, without a needless departure from its letter. This is at all times a difficult task; but in the present attempt it was found to be more than usually difficult; because, though it is an easy task merely to turn French words into English, it has not always been easy to catch the covert allusion which was in the mind of the author, nor is the translator sure that he has always perfectly understood him.

New-York, Dec. 9, 1834.

WORDS OF A BELIEVER.

I.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will towards men.

Let him who hath ears, hear; let him who hath eyes, open them and observe, for the times approach.

The Father hath begotten his Son, his Word, and the Word was made flesh, and he hath dwelt among us; he came into the world, and the world knew him not.

The Son hath promised to send the Spirit, the Comforter, the Spirit who proceedeth from the Father and from him, and who is their mutual love; he shall come and renew

the face of the earth, and it will be as a second creation.

For eighteen centuries the Word hath scattered the divine seed, and the Holy Spirit hath made it fruitful. Men have seen it blossom, they have tasted of its fruits, the fruits of the tree of life replanted in their poor domain.

I say unto you, there was great joy among them, when they saw the light appear, and felt themselves thoroughly penetrated with a celestial fire.

Now the earth hath again become dark and cold.

Our fathers have seen the setting of the sun. When he descended below the horizon the whole human race was startled. Then was there, in that night, a darkness which is indescribable. Children of the night! the West is dark, but the East begins to brighten.

II.

HEARKEN! Tell me whence cometh this confused, indistinct, and strange noise, which is heard on every side?

Place thy hand upon the earth, and tell me why she trembleth.

A mysterious something is abroad in the world. It is a work of God.

Is not every one in expectation? Is there a heart which does not throb?

Son of man! go up to the high places; say; what seest thou?

I see in the horizon a dark cloud, fringed with a lurid glare, like the reflection of a conflagration.

Son of man! what seest thou now?

I see the sea lifting up her waves;—I see the mountain tops tremble.

I see the rivers change their courses; I see the hills totter;—they fall, and entomb the valleys.

All trembles, all is in motion, all takes a new aspect.

Son of man! what seest thou now?

I see clouds of dust in the distance; they move to and fro; they strike—they mingle —they unite. They pass over the cities:—they are passed:—nothing remains but the naked plain.

I see the people rise in tumult; I see kings grow pale beneath their diadems. War is among them, war even unto death.

I see one throne, I see two thrones broken in pieces, the people scatter the fragments over the earth.

I see a people fighting, as the archangel

Michael fought with Satan. Their blows are terrible. But the people are naked, while their enemy is clad in thick armour.

Oh God! he falls, he is smitten to death. No:—he is only wounded. Mary, the Virgin Mother, wraps him in her mantle; she smiles on him, and withdraws him for a time from the battle.

I see another people struggle without ceasing; from time to time they gather new strength in the struggle. This people have the mark of Christ upon the heart.

I see a third people, upon whom six kings have placed their feet; and at each movement of this people, six daggers are buried in their throat.

I see upon a vast edifice, high in the heavens, a cross scarcely distinguishable, for it is shrouded with a black veil.

Son of man! what seest thou now?

I see the East in trouble. He beholds his ancient palaces crumbling into ruins, his venerable temples falling into dust, and he raises his eyes as it were in search of other grandeur and another God.

I see, towards the West, a woman with a lofty look and serene countenance; she traces with a firm hand a light furrow, and wherever her ploughshare passes, I see generations of men arise, who invoke her in their prayers, and bless her in their hymns.*

I see, in the North, men who have no vital warmth remaining, save in the head; it makes them giddy; but Christ touches them with his cross, and the heart begins again to beat.

I see, at the South, a race of men oppressed with some unknown curse; a heavy yoke bows them down, they walk stooping, but

* An allusion to the United States.

Christ touches them with his cross and they stand upright.

Son of man ! what seest thou now?

He answers not; let us cry again.

Son of man ! what seest thou ?

I see Satan fleeing, and Christ, surrounded by his angels, coming to reign.

III.

And I was transported in spirit to the times of old, and the earth was beautiful, and rich, and fertile, and her inhabitants were happy, because they lived like brethren.

And I saw the serpent glide into the midst of them; he fixed upon some his fascinating glance, and their souls were troubled, and they drew near and the serpent whispered unto them.

And when they had heard the word of the serpent, they rose up, and said, "We are kings."

And the sun turned pale; and the earth wore a mournful hue, like that of the shroud which envelopes the dead.

And a low murmur was heard, a long moan, and each one trembled in his heart.

Verily, I say unto you, it was as in the day, when the depths were broken up, and the deluge of great waters overflowed.

Fear went from cottage to cottage, for there were then no palaces, and she told to each one, dreadful secrets which made him shudder.

And those who had said, "We are kings," took a sword, and followed fear from cottage to cottage.

And mysterious deeds were acted there:—there were chains, and tears, and blood.

And the men, affrighted, cried out, "Murder hath re-appeared on the earth."—That cry was all, for fear had transfixed their souls, and paralyzed their arms.

And they suffered themselves to be loaded with irons; they, and their wives, and their

little ones. And those who had said, "We are kings," excavated as it were a great cavern, and they there shut up the whole human family, as beasts are shut up in a stall.

And the tempest drove the clouds, and the thunder rolled, and I heard a voice which said, "The serpent hath conquered a second time, but not forever."

After that, I heard nothing but confused voices, laughter, and sobbings, and blasphemies.

And I understood that there was to be a reign of Satan, before the reign of God. And I wept, and I hoped.

And the vision which I saw was true; for the reign of Satan is accomplished, and the reign of God will also be accomplished; and those who have said, "We are kings," shall be in their turn shut up in the cavern with

the serpent, and the human race shall come forth, and it shall be for them like another birth, like the passage from death unto life. So may it be.

IV.

Ye are sons of the same father, and the same mother hath nourished you; wherefore then love ye not one another as brethren? Wherefore treat ye one another rather as enemies?

He who loveth not his brother is cursed seven times, and he who maketh himself the enemy of his brother is cursed seventy times seven.

It is for this, that kings, and princes, and all those whom the world calls great have been cursed: they have not loved their brethren, and they have treated them as enemies.

Love ye one another, and fear not the great, nor princes, nor kings.

They are strong against you only because ye are not united, and because that ye love not one another as brethren.

Say not "he is of one nation, and I of another people," for all nations have had on earth the same father, who is Adam, and have in heaven the same father, who is God.

If one member be smitten, the whole body suffereth. Ye are all the same body: nor can one of you be oppressed, without all being oppressed.

If a wolf throw himself into the flock, he devoureth not all at once: he seizeth one of the flock and eateth it. Afterward, his hunger having returned, he seizeth another and devoureth it, and thus it is even to the last, for his hunger returneth always.

Be not ye like unto the sheep, who, when the wolf hath taken away one from among them, are affrighted for a moment, and then

return to their pasture. For, they think, "perhaps, he will content himself with his first or second prey, and wherefore should I disquiet myself concerning those which he hath devoured? What are his doings to me? He hath but left more food for me."

Verily, I say unto you: those who thus think within themselves, are destined to become food for the beast who liveth upon flesh and blood.

V.

When thou seest a man conducted to prison or to execution, be not hasty to say: "this is a wicked man who hath committed some crime against society:"—

For perhaps he is a good man, willing to be of service to his fellow-men, and on this account he is punished by their oppressors.

When thou seest a people loaded with chains, and delivered to the executioner, be not hasty to say: "this is a turbulent people, whose pleasure is to trouble the peace of the world:"—

For perhaps those people are martyrs who die for the safety of the human family.

Eighteen centuries ago, in a city of the East, the chief priests and the kings of that day,

nailed to a cross, after having beaten with rods, one whom they called seditious, and a blasphemer.

But, on the day of his death, there was great terror in Hell, and great joy in Heaven:

For the blood of that Just One hath saved the world.

VI.

WHEREFORE is it that the animals find their nourishment, each one seeking that which is appropriate to his own species? It is because, among them, none stealeth that which belongeth to another, and because, each one is content with that which satisfieth his necessities.

If, in the hive, one bee should say, all the honey which is here is mine; and moreover should dispose, as she thought proper, of the fruits of the common labour, what would become of the other bees?

The earth is a great hive, and men are as the bees.

Each bee hath a right to the portion of

honey necessary for her subsistence, and if, among men, some lack necessaries, it is because justice and charity have vanished from among them.*

Justice is life, and charity is yet another life, still sweeter and more abundant.

There have gone out false prophets, who have persuaded some men, that all others were born for them; and what these have believed, others also have credited on the word of false prophets.

When this word of falsehood prevailed, an-

* It is this chapter which has subjected the author to the charge of entertaining what are called agrarian sentiments; it is but fair, however, to take all that he has written together, and a passage in Chapter VIII., shewing the origin and necessity of labour, together with the concluding sentences of Chapter IX., shew that the right which each one has to the portion necessary for him, is a right resulting from the honest labour by which he earns it. See also particularly the whole of Chapter X.

gels wept in heaven; for they foresaw, that much of violence, much of crime, and much of evil were about to cover the earth.

Men, equal among themselves, are born for God alone; and whosoever speaketh contrary to this, speaketh blasphemy.

Let him who would be the greatest among you, be your servant; and let him who would be the first among you be the servant of all.

The law of God is a law of love; and love raiseth not itself above others, but sacrificeth itself for others.

He who sayeth in his heart:—I am not like other men, but other men are given to me, that I may command them, and dispose of them and theirs according to my caprice:—such an one is the child of the Dèvil.

And Satan is the king of this world, for he is the king of all those who think and act thus; and those who think and act thus, are

by his counsels, made the masters of the world.

But their empire shall last only for a time, and the end of that time is at hand.

A great battle shall be fought; and the angel of justice and the angel of love shall fight on the side of those who have armed themselves to re-establish among men the reign of justice and the reign of love.

And many shall die in that battle, and their name shall remain upon earth, like a ray of the glory of God.

Therefore, ye sufferers, take courage, strengthen your hearts; for to-morrow cometh the day of trial, the day when each one shall, with joy, lay down his life for his brethren; and the day which followeth, shall be the day of deliverance.

VII.

When a tree standeth alone it is shaken of the winds and stripped of its foliage; and its branches, instead of elevating themselves, bow down as if they sought the earth.

When a plant is solitary, finding no shelter from the heat of the sun, it droops, withers, and dies.

When man standeth alone, the blast of power bendeth him to the earth, and the heat of the covetousness of earth's great ones, drieth up the sap which nourisheth him.

Be not then like the plant and the tree which stand solitary: but be ye united one with another, and afford ye mutual support and shelter.

So long as ye are disunited, and each one thinketh of himself alone, ye have nothing to hope for, but misery, and misfortune, and oppression.

What is more weak than the sparrow, and more defenceless than the swallow; nevertheless, when the bird of prey appeareth, the swallows and the sparrows unite in driving him away, by gathering around him, and pursuing him together.

Learn then from the sparrow and the swallow.

The man who separateth himself from his brethren, fear pursueth him when he walks, sitteth near him when he reposeth, and leaveth him not even in sleep.

Then if one asketh, how many are you?—Answer, we are one, for our brethren are one with us, and we are one with our brethren.

God hath made nor small nor great, nor

masters nor slaves, nor kings nor subjects. He hath made all men equal.

But among men, some have more strength of body, of spirit, or of will; and these are they who seek to subject others, when pride or covetousness stifleth in them the love of their brethren.

And God knoweth what would hence result, and therefore hath commanded men to love one another, that they might be united, and that the weak might not be crushed under the oppression of the strong.

For he who is stronger than one, will be weaker than two, and he who is stronger than two will be weaker than four; and thus the weak shall fear nothing, when, loving one another, they shall be truly united.

A man was travelling over a mountain, and at length reached a place, where a great rock having rolled into the road, filled it en-

tirely, and by the side of the road there was no other path either to the right hand or to the left.

Now, the man, seeing that he could not continue his journey because of the rock, endeavoured to remove it, that he might make for himself a passage; and he wearied himself much with his labour, and all his efforts were fruitless.

Which, when he perceived, he sat down in heaviness of heart and said;—what will become of me when the night shall come and overtake me in this solitude, without food, without shelter, without any defence, at a time when wild beasts are roaming abroad, seeking their prey.

And as he was absorbed in thoughts of this kind, another traveller came, and having attempted that which the first had tried, and finding himself also unable to re-

move the rock, he sat down in silence and sorrow.

And after this one, came many others, and no man could remove the rock, and great fear was upon them all.

At length, one spake to the others and said:—my brethren, let us pray to our Father who is in heaven, it may be that he will take pity upon us in this distress.

And they hearkened to his words, and prayed earnestly to the Father who is in heaven.

And when they had prayed, he who had said, let us pray, spake again:—my brethren, that which none among us could do alone, who knoweth, but we may be able to do together?

Then they arose, and all together pushed the rock, and the rock was moved, and they went on their way in peace.

The traveller is man, the journey is life, the rock is the misery which every man meets on his journey.

No man alone could heave this rock, but God hath so balanced its weight, that it never stops those who travel together.

VIII.

In the beginning, it was not necessary that man should work to live, the earth, of herself, supplied all his necessities.

But man did that which was evil: and as he had revolted against God, the earth revolted against him.

Then it happened unto him, as it happeneth to the child who hath rebelled against his father; the father withdraweth from him his love, and abandoneth him to himself; and the servants of the house refuse to serve him, and he wandereth hither and thither seeking a wretched subsistence, and eating the bread which he hath earned by the sweat of his brow.

Since that time, God hath condemned all men to labour, and all have their labour, whether it be of body or of mind; and those who say, "I will not work," are the most miserable.*

For as the worms devour the dead, so vices devour them; and if there be not vices, there is at least heaviness of heart.

And when God willed that man should work, he concealed a treasure in his toil, because he is a Father, and the love of a Father dieth not.

And as to him who maketh good use of this treasure and wasteth it not in his folly, there cometh a time of repose to him, and then is he as men were in the beginning.

And God also gave the precept:—help ye one another, for ye have among you the

* See note on page 30,

strongest and the weakest, the infirm and the vigorous; and yet all must live.

And if ye do thus, all shall live; for I will recompense the pity which ye have shewn to your brethren, and I will make your labour productive.

And that which God hath promised is always fulfilled, and never hath it been seen, that he who aideth his brethren, hath wanted bread.

But there was in the former times a wicked man, and cursed of Heaven. And this man was strong, and hated labour; insomuch that he said to himself: "what shall I do?—if I work not I shall die, and labour is insupportable to me."

Then there entered into his heart a thought of hell, and he went forth in the night, and seized some of his brethren while they slept, and loaded then with chains.

For, said he, I will force them with rods,

and the scourge, to labour for me, and I will eat of the fruit of their toil.

And he did that which he had thought; and others, seeing it, did likewise, and there were no more brethren; there were masters and slaves.

That day was a day of sorrow over the whole earth.

A long time after, there arose another man, more wicked than the first, and more accursed of Heaven.

Seeing that men were every where multiplied, and that their multitude was innumerable, he said unto himself:

I am able enough, it may be, to chain some and force them to labour for me; but it would be necessary to feed them and this would diminish my gain. Let us do better: let them work for nothing! They will die indeed, but as their number is great, I shall amass wealth

before they are much diminished, and there will always remain enough of them.

Now all that multitude lived on that which they received in exchange for their labour.

Having thus communed with himself, he addressed himself to some among them and said unto them: "Ye work during six hours, and for your labour there is given unto you a piece of money; work during twelve hours, and you may gain two pieces of money; and ye may live better, ye, and your wives, and your little ones."

And they believed him.

Afterwards he said to them: ye work no more than half of the days in the year: work all the days of the year and your gain will be doubled.

And, again they believed him.

But after that, it came to pass, that the quantity of work having become greater than

a half, without the demand for work becoming greater, the half of those who before lived by their labour, no longer found persons to employ them.

Then that wicked man, whom they had believed, said unto them, I will give work to you all, upon condition, that you will work for the same length of time, and that I shall not pay you more than the half of that which I now pay you: for I would willingly do you a service, but I am not willing to ruin myself.

And as they were sore pressed with hunger, they, and their wives, and their little ones, they accepted the terms of this wicked man, and they blessed him; for, said they, he giveth unto us life.

And continuing to deceive them after this manner, that wicked man increased their labour more and more, and diminished more and more their hire.

And they died for want of necessaries, and others pressed forward to take their places, for a poverty so great had come upon that land, that whole families sold themselves for a morsel of bread.

And that wicked man who lied to his brethren, amassed more wealth than the wicked man who had chained them.

The name of the last is TYRANT; to the other, Hell alone can furnish a name.

IX.

Ye are in the world as strangers.

Go to the north and the south, to the east and to the west, on whatever side you turn, you will find a man who will drive you away, saying, this field is mine.

And after having traversed every land, you will return with the discovery that there is no where one poor little corner of the world, where your travailing wife may bring forth her first-born, where you may repose after your labour, or where, having passed the closing scene, your children may bury your bones in a spot of your own.

Surely, this is a great misery.

And yet, you should not for this, be troubled

overmuch, for it is written of Him who hath saved the human race:

Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.

But he made himself poor, that ye might learn to bear poverty. Not that poverty cometh directly of God, but it is a consequence of the corruption, and vile covetousness of men, therefore there will always be the poor.

Poverty is the child of sin, of which the germ is in every man; and of bondage, of which the germ is in every society.

There will always be the poor, because man will never destroy the sin within himself.

But the poor will decrease, for, by little and little, bondage will disappear from society.

Would you labour to destroy poverty?—then labour, first to destroy sin in yourself,

after that in others, and to abolish bondage in society.

It is not by taking that which belongeth to others that poverty is destroyed; for how, in making them poor, is the number of poor diminished?

Every man hath a right to defend that which he hath, and without this right, no one could possess any thing.

And each one hath also a right to gain, by his labour, that which he hath not, without which right, poverty would be eternal.

Let your labour then be unrestrained, unshackle your arms, and poverty among men will be but a permitted exception of the Almighty, to remind them of the infirmity of their nature and of the mutual support and love, which they owe to each other.*

* See note on page 30.

X.

When the whole earth groaned in expectation of deliverance, a voice was lifted up in Judea, the voice of Him who came to suffer, and to die for his brethren, of Him who was called in scorn, the son of the carpenter.

But that son of the carpenter, poor and forsaken of the world, said, "Come unto me all ye that travail and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you."

And from that day even unto this, not one of those who have believed on him, hath abode in misery without consolation.

To cure the evils which afflict men, he preached to all, that justice which is the begin-

ning of love, and that love which is the consummation of justice.

But justice commands respect for the rights of others, and sometimes love is willing to surrender even her own, for the sake of peace, or of some other good.

What would the world become, if right should cease to reign, if each one had not security as to his person, and could not enjoy, without fear, that which belongs to him?

Better were it to live in the forests' depths, than in a society thus delivered up to robbery.

That which you take to-day, another will take from you to-morrow. Men will be more miserable than the birds of the air, which the other birds rob not of their food, or their nest.

Who is he that is poor? It is he who hath as yet no property.

What wisheth he? To cease to be poor, that is to say, to acquire some property.

But he who robs, he who plunders, what doeth he, but abolish, as much as in him lieth, this very right of property.

To plunder, to snatch away, is therefore, to attack the poor, as well as the rich; it is to overturn the foundation of all society among men.

And thus, he who possesses nothing, never can possess any thing, because others possess it already; since these last alone, can give him something in exchange for his work.

Order is the benefit, the interest of all.

Drink not of the cup of crime, for at the bottom of it, there is bitter distress, and anguish, and death.*

* Vide note on page 30.

XI.

I HAVE seen the evils which come upon the earth, the weak oppressed, the good man begging his bread, the wicked raised to honour and revelling in riches, the innocent condemned by unrighteous judges, and their children wandering over the earth.

And my soul was sad, and hope was scattered as the fragments of a broken vessel.

And God sent upon me a deep sleep.

And in my sleep, I saw, as it were, a form of light standing near me, a spirit, whose sweet, yet piercing look, penetrated even to the bottom of my most secret thoughts.

And I trembled, not from fear, nor from

joy, but from a sensation in which both were strangely mingled.

And the spirit said unto me:—Wherefore art thou sad?

And I answered with tears, Alas! behold the evils which are upon the earth.

And that celestial form smiled with ineffable sweetness, and this speech came to my ear.

In all this, thine eye seeth nothing but through that deceptive medium, which men call Time. Time is for them alone: there is no time with God.

And I was silent, for I could not comprehend it.

Suddenly the Spirit spake. Observe, said he.

And in the same instant, I saw, that henceforth there would be for me, no before and no afterward; I saw at once, that which, in

their feeble and imperfect language, men call the past, the present, and the future.

And all before me, was but *one:* and yet to tell what I saw, I must return again to the bosom of time, I must speak the feeble and imperfect language of men.

And the whole human race appeared to me as it were one man, only.

And that man had done much of evil, little of good; he had felt many sorrows, but few joys.

And there he was, lying in his misery upon an earth now icy, and now burning, weak, famished, suffering, borne down with faintness mingled with convulsions, overloaded with chains forged in the habitations of devils.

His right hand had the custody of his left, and the left had the custody of the right, and in the midst of his horrible dreams, he had

so rolled himself up in his chains nat his whole body was covered, and closely pressed with them.

For as soon as they did but touch him, they stuck to his skin, as it had been drops of boiling lead, they sank into his flesh, and remained there.

And there the man was, I knew him.

And, lo! a ray of light came forth from the east, and a ray of love from the south, and a ray of strength from the north. And these three rays united themselves in the heart of that man.

And when the ray of light came forth, a voice cried:—Son of God, brother of Christ, know that which thou oughtest to know.

And when the ray of love came forth, a voice cried:—Son of God, brother of Christ, love that which thou oughtest to love.

And when the ray of strength came forth,

a voice cried:—Son of God, brother of Christ, do that which ought to be done.

And when the three rays were united, the three voices were united also, and they formed one voice, which cried:—

Son of God, brother of Christ: serve God, and serve him alone.

And then that which had appeared to me as but one man, seemed as a multitude of people, and of nations.

And my first look had not deceived me; neither did my second deceive me.

And these people, and these nations, awaking on their bed of anguish, began to say among themselves:

Whence come our sufferings, and our weakness, and the hunger, and the thirst which torment us, and the chains which bow us to the earth, and enter into our flesh?

And their understandings were opened,

and they found that the sons of God, the brethren of Christ, had not been condemned to slavery by their Father; and that this slavery was the source of all their evils.

Each one then essayed to break his irons, but they accomplished nothing.

And they regarded each other with great pity, and love moving within them, they said among themselves: We have all the same thought, why may we not all have the same heart? Are we not all sons of the same God, and brethren of the same Christ? Let us save ourselves, or let us die together.

And having said thus, they perceived within themselves a divine strength, and I heard their chains snap asunder, and they fought six days against those who had enchained them, and on the sixth day they were conquerors and the seventh was a day of rest.

And the earth which was dry, put on fresh

verdure, and all could eat of its fruits, and go and come, without any to say unto them: "Whither goest thou? ye pass not here."

And the little children gathered flowers, and carried them to their mothers, who smiled sweetly upon them.

And there was neither poor nor rich, but all had in abundance the things which their wants required, because all loved and helped their brethren to them.

And a voice, as it were the voice of an angel, resounded through heaven:—Glory to God, who hath given understanding, and love, and strength to his children!—Glory to Christ, who hath given liberty to his brethren!

XII.

When one of you suffereth injustice, when, in his journey through life, the oppressor overturneth him, and trampleth on him; if he complaineth, no man heareth him.

The cry of the poor riseth even unto God, but it reacheth not the ears of man.

And I asked myself, whence cometh this evil? Can it be, that He who hath created the poor and the rich, the weak and the strong, would wish to take from the one, all fear in their iniquity, and from the other, all hope in their misery?

And I saw that the thought was horrible, a blasphemy against God.

It is because each one of you loveth him-

self only, because each one separateth himself from his brethren, because each one is alone, and will be alone, that the cry of misery is unheard.

In the spring time, when every thing is bursting into new life, there cometh from the grass a sound, which lifteth up itself as it were, a long murmuring sigh.

This noise, formed of so many noises that they cannot be computed, is the voice of a countless host of poor, little, unseen creatures.

Alone, none of them could be heard; united, they make themselves to be heard.

Ye, also, are hidden under the grass, why, then, cometh there not forth a voice from you?

When men would pass a rapid river, they form themselves into a long double rank, and entering upon it in that manner, those who, alone, would not be able to resist the

force of the stream, pass over without difficulty.

Do ye thus, and ye will stem the torrent of iniquity, which otherwise sweepeth you away, and casteth you bruised upon the shore.

Let your resolutions be deliberate, but firm. Yield not to the first, nor yet to the second impulse.

But if one hath committed some wrong against you, begin by banishing every feeling of hatred from your heart, and then, lifting up your hands and eyes, say to your Father who is in heaven:

"Oh, Father! thou art the protector of the innocent and the oppressed; for thy love hath created the world, and thy justice governs it.

"Thou willest that justice should reign upon earth, and the wicked opposeth to it his evil inclination.

"Therefore is it that we have resolved to fight against the wicked.

"Oh, Father! give wisdom to our spirit, and strength to our arms."

And when ye have thus prayed from the depths of your souls; fight, and fear nothing.

And if at first, victory should seem to desert you, it is but to try you, she will return; for your blood shall be as the blood of Abel, murdered by Cain, and your death shall be like that of martyrs.

XIII.

It was a night of darkness. A starless sky hung heavily over the earth, like a covering of black marble over a tomb.

And nothing broke the stillness of that night, but a strange noise, as of the light rustling of wings, which at times is heard over the country, and the city.

And then the darkness thickened, and every one felt his soul shrink within him, and a shudder ran through his veins.

And in a hall hung with black, and lighted by the dull red glimmer of a single lamp, seven men, clothed in purple, with crowns upon their heads, were sitting upon seven seats of iron.

And in the middle of the hall, was raised a throne composed of bones, and at the foot of the throne, in place of a footstool, there was a crucifix overturned; and before the throne, a table of ebony, and upon the table a vessel filled with blood, red and foaming, and a human skull.

And these seven men, with crowns, seemed pensive and sad; and from the depths of their sunken sockets, their eyes, from time to time, shot forth sparks of livid fire.

And one of them, raising himself, approached the throne with tottering step, and placed his foot upon the crucifix.

At that moment, his limbs trembled, and he seemed about to faint. The rest looked on him, motionless; they made not the slightest movement, but an indescribable expression passed over their features, and an unearthly smile contracted their lips.

And he who had seemed about to faint stretched forth his hand, and seized the vessel filled with blood, and poured it out into the skull and drank of it.

And the draught seemed to strengthen him.

And raising his head, this cry came forth from his breast, like the sound of the dull death rattle.

Cursed be Christ, who hath restored liberty to the earth! And the other six crowned men raised themselves together, and together sent forth the same cry:

"Cursed be Christ, who hath restored liberty to the earth!"

After which, sitting down again upon their seats of iron, the first said:

My brethren, what shall we do to stifle liberty? For our reign is finished if hers commences. Our cause is the same; let

each one, therefore, propose that which shall seem good unto him.

Hearken then! This is my counsel. Before Christ came, who was able to stand before us? It is his religion which hath ruined us. Let us abolish the religion of Christ.

And they all answered, it is true; let us abolish the religion of Christ.

And the second advanced toward the throne, took the human skull, poured the blood into it, drank it, and spake as follows:

It is not religion alone which should be abolished, but learning and thought also: for learning will discover that which it is not for our interest the world should know: and thought is always ready to contend against force.

And all answered, it is true; let us abolish learning and thought.

And, after having done as the first two had done, a third spake:

When we shall have again plunged men into their stupidity, by taking from them religion, and learning, and thought, we shall have done much, but there will still remain something more for us to do.

The brute possesseth instinct, and dangerous sympathies. It is necessary that one nation should not hear the cry of another people, lest if the one should murmur and rise, the other may be tempted to imitate. Let, then, no murmuring from without penetrate our kingdoms.

And all answered, it is true; let no murmuring from without penetrate our kingdoms.

And a fourth said:—We have our interest, and the people have theirs opposed to ours; if they unite to defend that interest against us, how shall we resist them?

Divide and conquer. Let us make in every province, in every town, in every hamlet, an interest opposed to that of other hamlets, of other towns, and of other provinces.

In this way, all will hate each other, and they will not think of uniting against us.

And all answered, it is true; divide and conquer, concord would ruin us.

And a fifth, having twice filled with blood, and twice emptied the skull, said:

I approve of all these measures, they are good but insufficient. Make men brutes, it is well; but frighten the brutes, strike terror into them by an inexorable justice, and the severest punishments, if ye would not, sooner or later, be devoured by them. The executioner is the prime-minister of a good prince.

And all answered: It is true. The executioner is the prime-minister of a good prince.

And a sixth said, I acknowledge the ad-

vantage of prompt, terrible, and inevitable punishments. Still there are heroic and desperate spirits who brave punishment.

Would you govern men easily, make them effeminate by voluptuousness. Virtue will avail us nothing, she nourisheth strength; rather let us exhaust them by corruption.

And all answered, it is true; let us exhaust strength, and energy, and courage by corruption.

Then the seventh, having like the others, drank from the human skull, spake after this manner, his feet on the crucifix.

Down with Christ! there is a war of extermination, eternal war betwixt him and us.

But how shall we detach the people from him? It is a vain endeavour. What then shall be done? Hearken unto me.—it is necessary to gain the priests of Christ with riches, with honours, and with power.

And they will command the people in the name of Christ, to be subject to us in all that we may do, all that we may order.

And the people will believe them, and obey them for conscience' sake, and our power will be firmer than before.

And all answered, it is true: let us gain the priests of Christ.

And suddenly, the lamp which lighted the hall went out, and the seven men vanished in the darkness.

And it was said to a righteous man who, at that moment, watched and prayed before the cross: My day approacheth, adore and fear nothing.

XIV.

THROUGH a grey and heavy mist I saw, as upon the earth at the hour of twilight, a barren plain, deserted and cold.

And in the midst arose a rock from which fell, drop by drop, a blackish water, and the low and dull sound of the drops, as they fell, was the only noise that was heard.

And seven paths, after winding through the plain, met at the rock; and near the rock, at the entrance of each path, stood a stone with an indescribable covering of humid green, like the slime of a reptile.

And, lo! in one of the paths I perceived something like a shadow slowly moving—and by degrees, the shadow approaching, I

distinguished not a man, but the resemblance of a man.

And on his side, over his heart, this human form had a spot of blood.

And he seated himself upon the moist and green stone, and his limbs shivered, and with bended head he folded his arms, as if to retain a remnant of warmth.

And through the six other paths six other shadows successively arrived at the foot of the rock.

And all of them, shivering and folding their arms, seated themselves upon the moist and green stones.

And they were there silent and bent under the weight of incomprehensible anguish.

And their silence lasted for a long time: I know not how long, for the sun never rises upon this plain: neither evening nor morning is there known. The drops of blackish

water alone measure there, as they fall, a monotonous, dull, heavy, and eternal duration.

And this sight was so horrible to look upon, that I could not have borne it if God had not strengthened me.

And after a kind of convulsive shivering, one of the shadows, raising his head, made a noise like the rough and dry sound of wind as it rattles through a skeleton.

And the rock sent back this word to my ear :

Christ hath conquered : cursed be he !

And the six other shadows started up, and all together raising their heads, the same blasphemy came from their bosoms.

Christ hath conquered : cursed be he !

And immediately they were seized with more violent shivering, the mist thickened,

and for an instant the blackish water ceased to flow.

And the seven shadows were again bowed down under the weight of their secret anguish, and there was a second silence longer than the first.

Then one of them, without rising from his seat, motionless and bent, said to the others:

It hath happened to you as it hath to me. What have our counsels availed us?

And another replied: Faith and thought have broken the chains of the people, faith and thought have emancipated the earth.

And another replied: We wished to divide men, and our oppression hath united them against us.

And another said: We have shed blood, and that blood hath fallen again upon our heads.

And another: We have sown corruption, and it hath sprung up in us and hath devoured our bones.

And another: We have thought to stifle liberty, and her breath hath withered our power even to the root.

Then spake the seventh shadow:

Christ hath conquered: cursed be he!

And all with one voice answered:

Christ hath conquered: cursed be he!

And I saw a hand which advanced; it dipped its finger in the blackish water whose falling drops measure the eternal duration, marked with it the foreheads of the seven shadows, and the marks were there for ever.

XV.

Ye have but a day to spend upon earth; so act that ye may spend that day in peace.

Peace is the fruit of love; for to live in peace it is necessary to know how to bear evils.

No man is perfect, all have their faults; each man presses his weight upon others, and love alone makes that weight light.

If ye cannot bear with your brethren, how shall your brethren bear with you?

It is written of the son of Mary: That having loved his own that were in the world, he loved them unto the end.

Then love your brethren that are in the world, and love them unto the end.

Love never wearieth, it never ceaseth. Love is inextinguishable; it liveth and is re-born of itself, and the more it is diffused the more it aboundeth.

Whosoever loveth himself more than his brother is not worthy of Christ, who died for his brethren. Have ye given your goods, give also your life, and love will restore unto you all.

I say to you in truth, the heart of him who loveth, is a paradise upon earth. He hath God in himself, for God is love.

The wicked man loveth not, he coveteth, he hungereth, and thirsteth for every thing; his eye, like the eye of a serpent, fascinateth and draweth only to devour.

Love reposeth in the depths of pure spi-

rits, as a drop of dew in the chalice of a flower.

Oh! if ye but knew what it is to love!

You say that you love, and many of your brethren want bread to sustain life, clothing to cover their naked limbs, a roof to shelter them, a handful of straw to sleep upon, whilst you have all things in abundance.

You say that you love, and yet there is a great number of the sick who languish without help upon their poor pallets, of wretched creatures who weep while no man weepeth with them, of tender infants who walk abroad, benumbed with cold, from door to door, to beg a crumb from the tables of the rich, and who obtain it not.

Ye say that ye love your brethren: if this be your love, what would your hatred be?

And I say unto you, that whosoever, being able, comforteth not his brother who suffereth, is the enemy of his brother; and whosoever, being able, nourisheth not his brother who is hungry, is his murderer.

XVI.

THERE are men who love not God, and who fear him not; flee such, for there cometh from them the contagion of a curse.

Shun the ungodly for his breath killeth; but hate him not, for who knoweth if God hath not even now changed his heart.

The man who even in good faith says, I do not believe, is often deceived. There dwelleth deep in the soul, even at the bottom of it, a sort of faith which never withereth.

The word which disowneth God, scorcheth the lips over which it passeth, and the mouth

which is opened to blaspheme him is a vent of hell.

The ungodly man standeth alone in the universe. All creatures praise God; every thing which feels, blesses him; every thing which thinks, adores him: the star of day, and the stars of night, alike hymn his praise in their mysterious language.

He hath written upon the firmament his thrice holy name.

Glory to God in the highest!

He hath written it also in the heart of man, and the good man keepeth it there with love, while the wicked strive to efface it.

Peace on earth, good-will toward men!

Their sleep is sweet, and their death is sweeter still, for they know that they return to their Father.

As the poor labourer, at the decline of day, quits the field, regains his cottage, and,

seated before his door, forgets his fatigue in gazing on the heavens; so, when the evening of life comes, the man of hope regains with joy the mansions of his Father's house, and, seated upon the threshold, forgets the labours of his exile in the visions of eternity.

XVII.

Two men were neighbours, and each of them had a wife and many small children, and they lived by their labour alone. And one of the two men disquieted himself, saying: If I die, or am taken sick, what shall befal my wife and children?

And this thought never left him, and it gnawed upon his heart, as the hidden worm feedeth on the heart of the fruit.

But when the same thought came alike to the other father, it perplexed him not; for, said he, God, who knoweth all his creatures, and who watcheth over them, will also watch over me, and my wife, and my children.

And this man lived in peace, while the first tasted not an instant of repose nor of inward joy.

One day as he laboured in the fields, sad and cast down, because of his fear, he saw some birds enter into a thicket, leave it, and then quickly return again.

And having approached nearer, he saw two nests placed side by side, and in each of them many young, newly hatched, and as yet unfledged.

And when he had returned to his work, from time to time he raised his eyes, and watched the birds who went and came, carrying nourishment to their little ones.

But, lo! just at the moment when one of the mothers returned with her bill full, a vulture seized her, bore her away, and the poor mother struggling vainly under his talons, raised piercing cries.

At this sight the man who was at work felt his soul more troubled than before; for, said he, the death of the mother is the death of the children. Mine have me and me only. What shall become of them if I fail them.

And all that day he was gloomy and sad, and at night he slept not.

On the morrow, upon his return to the field, he said: I will see the little ones of this poor mother; without doubt most of them have already perished. And he turned his steps towards the thicket.

And looking in, he saw the young ones doing well; not one of them seemed to have suffered.

And being much astonished at this, he concealed himself to observe what would take place.

And after a short time, he heard a slight cry, and he saw the second mother bringing in

haste the food which she had gathered, and she gave it to all the young ones without distinction, and there was enough for all; and the orphans were not deserted in their misery.

And the father who had distrusted Providence, related that evening to the other father that which he had seen.

And the other said unto him: Why art thou disquieted? God never abandoneth his own. His love hath secrets which we know not. Let us believe, let us hope, let us love, and pursue our journey in peace.

If I die before you, you shall be the father of my children; if you die before me I will be the father of yours.

And if both of us should die before they are old enough to provide for their own necessities, they shall have for a father, the Father who is in heaven.

XVIII.

When you have prayed, do you not feel your heart lighter, and your spirit more contented?

Prayer makes affliction less sad, and joy more pure; with the one she mingles something strengthening and sweet, and with the other a celestial odour.

What do you upon the earth, and have you nothing to ask of Him who has placed you here?

You are a traveller seeking a country. Walk not with downcast look; it is fit you should lift your eyes to reconnoitre your way.

Your country is heaven; and when you look upon heaven, is there nothing within you

which stirs? does no desire urge you? Or, that desire, is it dumb?

There are those who say: Of what benefit is it to pray? God is too high above us, to hearken to such contemptible creatures.

Who then made these contemptible creatures, who hath given them feeling, and thought, and language, if it be not God?

And if he hath been so good toward them, was it that he might afterward abandon them and cast them far from him?

In truth, I say unto you, whosoever sayeth in his heart, that God despiseth his works, blasphemeth God.

Again, there are others who say: Of what benefit is it to pray? Doth not God know better than we what things we have need of?

God doth indeed know better than you, that of which you have need: and it is for that reason he wills that you should ask of

him, for God is himself your chief need, and to pray unto God is to begin to possess God.

The father knoweth the wants of his child, but is that a cause why the child should never have a word of petition or of thanks for his father?

When the animals suffer, when they fear, or when they hunger, they send up their plaintive cries. These cries are the prayer which they address to God, and God heareth them. Should it be, then, that in all creation man is the only being from whom no voice should ever rise to the ear of the Creator?

Sometimes there passeth over the country a wind which withers the plants, and then one may see their drooping stems bend toward the earth; but moistened by the dew they regain their freshness, and lift up their languishing heads.

There are always scorching winds which pass over the soul of man and wither it. Prayer is the dew which revives it.

XIX.

Ye have but one father, who is God; and one master, who is Christ.

When, therefore, it shall be said of those who possess great power upon the earth: "Behold, your masters," believe it not. If they are righteous, they are your servants; if they are not righteous, they are your tyrants.

All men are born equal; no man upon entering the world, brings with him the right to command.

I have seen in his cradle a wailing and drivelling infant, and around him stood old men watching, who called him, "my Lord,"

and kneeling worshipped him. And I perceived there all the misery of man.

It is sin which hath made princes: because, instead of loving and helping one another like brethren, men began to harm one another.

Then they chose from among them one or more whom they believed to be the most righteous, to protect the good against the wicked; and that the weak might live in peace.

And the power which they exercised was a legitimate power, for it was the power of God, who willeth that justice should reign, and the power of the people which hath elected them.

And therefore each one is bound in conscience to obey them.

But there were soon found those who wished to reign of themselves, as if their

nature was more elevated than that of their brethren.

And the power of these last is not legitimate, for it is the power of Satan, and their dominion is the dominion of pride and of covetousness.

And therefore when nothing but more of evil is to be dreaded from this, every man may, and sometimes ought, in conscience to resist them.

In the scales of eternal justice our will weigheth more than the will of kings; for it is the people who make kings, and kings are made for the people; not the people for kings.

Our heavenly Father hath not made the limbs of his children to be fettered with irons, nor their souls to be murdered by slavery.

He hath united them in families, and all

families are sisters; he hath united them in nations, and all nations are sisters; and whosoever separateth family from family, and nation from nation, putteth asunder what God hath joined together; he doeth the work of Satan.

And that which uniteth family to family, and nation to nation, is primarily the law of God, the law of justice, and the law of love; and afterward the law of liberty, which is also the law of God.

For without liberty, what union would exist among men? They would be joined as the horse is joined to his rider, as the lash of the master to the back of the slave.

If, therefore, some man cometh and sayeth: Ye are mine; answer, No, we belong to God, who is our Father, and to Christ, who is our only Master.

XX.

Be ye not deceived with vain words. Many shall seek to persuade you, that ye are truly free, because they shall have written upon a leaf of paper the word *liberty*, and shall have posted it up on every highway.

Liberty is no placard which one reads at the corners of the streets. She is a living power which a man feels within himself and round about him; the guardian genius of the domestic hearth, the protector of social rights, and the first of those rights.

The oppressor who covereth himself with her name, is the worst of all oppressors.

He joineth hypocrisy to tyranny, and profanation to injustice; for the name of liberty is holy.

Beware then of those who cry, Liberty, Liberty, and yet who destroy her by their works.

Is it ye who have chosen those who govern you, who command you to do this, and not to do that, who tax your property, your industry, and your labour? And if it be not ye, how are ye free?

Can ye dispose of your children as ye think fit, trust to whom ye please the care of instructing them, and forming their manners? And if ye have not this power, how are ye free?*

The birds of heaven, and even the insects, meet together jointly to do that

* In France no person is permitted to open a school without a special license from the government.

which none of them could do alone. Have ye the privilege of meeting together jointly to consult of your interests, to defend your rights, to obtain some solace for your evils? And if ye cannot do this, how then are ye free?

Can ye travel from place to place, no man hindering you; can ye use the fruits of the earth and the products of your labour? place your finger in the water of the sea and cause one drop of it to fall in the poor earthen vessel, where your food is preparing, without exposing yourselves to the payment of a penalty, or without being dragged to prison? And if ye have not these privileges, how are ye free?

Can ye, when ye lie down at night, say that no man shall come during your sleep to search the secret places of your man-

sion, to snatch you from the bosom of your family, and cast you in the depths of a dungeon, because timid power is afraid you will defy it? And if ye have not these privileges, how then are ye free?

Liberty shall shine upon you, when by the force of courage and perseverance ye shall be emancipated from all these bonds.

Liberty shall shine upon you, when ye shall exclaim from the depths of your hearts, We will be free; when to become free, ye shall be ready to sacrifice every thing, to suffer every thing.

Liberty shall shine upon you, when at the foot of the cross upon which Christ died for you, ye shall have sworn to die for one another.

XXI.

THE people are incapable of understanding their interests; it is necessary for their benefit to keep them always under guardianship. Is it not the part of those who have light to lead those who want it?

Thus speaks the crowd of hypocrites who wish to control the affairs of the people, that they may fatten upon their substance.

Ye are incapable, say they, of understanding your interests; and on that account they will not permit you even to dispose of that which is your own, for an object which ye shall judge useful; and against your will, they will dispose of it

for an object which is displeasing and odious to you.

Ye are incapable of managing your little property, incapable of knowing what is good or evil for you, of knowing your wants, and providing for them; and for this reason, they will send you men well paid at your expense, who will manage your property according to their fancy, will hinder you from doing that which ye would, and will force you to do that which ye would not.

Ye are incapable of discerning what education will be proper for your children; and from tenderness for your infants they will cast them into the sinks of iniquity and prostitution, unless ye would prefer that they should live deprived of all manner of instruction.

Ye are incapable of judging, whether

you and your family can subsist upon the compensation given for your labour; and they will forbid you, under severe penalties, from concerting together to obtain an increase of that compensation, that ye may live, ye, your wives, and your little ones.

If what this race of greedy hypocrites sayeth, be true, ye would be far beneath the brute, for the brute knoweth all of which they declare you to be ignorant, and he needeth nothing more than instinct to teach him.

God hath not made you to be the herd of other men. He hath made you to live free in society like brethren. But one brother hath no right to command another brother. Brethren are bound together by mutual agreements, and these agreements form the law, and the law should be

respected, and all should unite to hinder its violation, because it is the safeguard of all, the will and interest of all.

Be men: no man is strong enough to put you to the yoke in spite of yourselves; but ye can pass your head under the collar if ye desire it.

There are stupid animals, which men shut up in stalls, which they keep for their work, and when they have grown old they fatten them and eat their flesh.

There are others which live in the fields at liberty, whom no man can bend to slavery, who will not be seduced by flattering caresses, nor conquered by threats and unkind treatment.

Brave men are like these last; cowards are like the first.

XXII.

UNDERSTAND well how to become free? To be free it is necessary to love God above every thing, for if ye love God ye will do his will; and the will of God is justice and love, without which there is no liberty.

When, by violence or by cunning, one man takes that which belongs to another, when he attacks him in his person, when in a lawful matter he hinders him from acting as he pleases, or when he forces him to act contrary to his wishes; when he violates his right in any manner whatsoever, what is this?

It is oppression, and oppression, therefore, destroys liberty.

If each one loved himself and thought of himself alone, without coming to the aid of others, the poor man would often be obliged to steal that which belongs to another, to support himself and his children; the weak would be oppressed by the stronger, and he in turn by one stronger still; oppression would reign every where. It is love, therefore, which preserves liberty.

Love God above all things, and thy neighbour as thyself, and bondage would disappear from the earth.

But, in the mean time, those who profit from the bondage of their brethren, will spare no labour to prolong it. They will employ for this purpose both falsehood and force.

They will say, that the arbitrary dominion of some, and the bondage of all others is the established order of God; and

to preserve their tyranny they will not fear to blaspheme Providence.

Say to such, that their god is Satan, the enemy of the human race, and that your God is he who hath conquered Satan.

After that, they will let loose upon you their myrmidons, they will build prisons without number, in which to confine you, they will pursue you with fire and sword, they will torment you, and pour out your blood like water.

If then ye be not resolute to contend without ceasing, to support every thing without flinching, never to be wearied, and never to yield; keep your fetters, and renounce the liberty, of which you are not worthy.

Liberty is like the kingdom of heaven; it suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.

But the violence which shall place you in the possession of liberty, is not the ferocious violence of thieves and robbers, oppression, vengeance, and cruelty; but a will strong and inflexible, a courage calm and generous.

The most holy cause becomes most impious and execrable, when crime is employed to sustain it. The man of crime, from a slave may become a tyrant, but never will he become free.

XXIII.

LORD! unto thee do we cry from the depths of our misery.

As the animals who need food for their young,

We cry unto thee, Oh Lord!

As the sheep from whom its lamb is taken away,

We cry unto thee, Oh Lord!

As the dove which the vulture hath seized,

We cry unto thee, Oh Lord!

As the gazelle under the clutch of the tiger,

We cry unto thee, Oh Lord!

As the bullock exhausted with fatigue and bleeding under the goad,

We cry unto thee, Oh Lord !

As the wounded bird which the dog pursueth,

We cry unto thee, Oh Lord !

As the swallow, fallen from weakness in traversing the sea, and struggling on the billow,

We cry unto thee, Oh Lord !

As travellers wandering over a burning desert without water,

We cry unto thee, Oh Lord !

As the shipwrecked mariner upon a desolate coast,

We cry unto thee, Oh Lord !

As he who, at the hour of nightfall, meets, near a cemetery, a hideous spectre,

We cry unto thee, Oh Lord !

As the father from whom hath been snatched the morsel of bread which he carried to his famishing children,

We cry unto thee, Oh Lord!

As the prisoner whom unjust power hath cast into a dark and dreary dungeon,

We cry unto thee, Oh Lord!

As the slave lacerated by the lash of his master,

We cry unto thee, Oh Lord!

As the guiltless who is carried to execution,

We cry unto thee, Oh Lord!

As the children of Israel in the land of bondage,

We cry unto thee, Oh Lord!

As the descendants of Jacob, whose first-born the king of Egypt caused to be drowned in the Nile,

We cry unto thee, Oh Lord!

As the twelve tribes whose labours their oppressors increased daily, while they daily

took from them a portion of their nourishment.

We cry unto thee, Oh Lord!

As all the nations of the earth, before they saw the dawn of their deliverance,

We cry unto thee, Oh Lord!

As Christ upon the cross, when he cried, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me,"

We cry unto thee, Oh Lord!

Oh father! thou didst not leave thy Son, thy Christ, save in appearance, and but for a moment: nor wilt thou leave forever the brethren of Christ. His divine blood which hath redeemed them from the bondage of the prince of this world, shall redeem them also from the bondage of the servants of the prince of this world. Behold their pierced hands and feet, their open side, their head covered with bleeding wounds. Within the

earth which thou didst give them for a heritage, a vast sepulchre hath been hollowed out, into which they have been cast in a heap, and the stone hath been sealed with a signet, on which, in mockery, hath been engraved thy holy name. And thus, Lord, are they lying, but they shall not lie eternally. For after three days, the sacrilegious seal shall be broken, and the stone shall be rolled away, and those who sleep shall awake, and the reign of Christ, which is justice, and love, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, shall commence. Amen! so may it be.

XXIV.

Every thing which cometh into the world hath a harbinger which precedeth it.

When the sun is about to rise, the horizon is coloured with a thousand streaks of light, and the east appeareth on fire.

When the tempest comes, a loud roaring is heard upon the banks and the waves are furiously agitated.

The innumerable and varied thoughts which cross and mingle in the horizon of the spiritual world are the signs which announce the rise of the sun of intelligence.

The confused murmur, and the internal agitation of the people, are to me the precur-

sors of the tempest which shall soon pass over the trembling nations.

Be ye therefore ready, for the time is at hand.

And in that day there shall be great terror, and such cries as have not been heard since the days of the flood.

Kings shall be hurled from their thrones; they shall strive with both hands to hold fast their crowns, carried away by the winds, and they themselves shall be swept away with them.

The rich and the mighty shall come out naked from their palaces, for fear of being buried in their ruins.

They shall be seen wandering in the streets, begging of him that passeth by, a rag to cover their nakedness, a crust of bread to appease their hunger; and I know not that they shall obtain it.

And there shall be some men seized with a thirst for blood, who shall worship Death and shall strive to cause him to be worshipped.

And Death shall stretch forth his skeleton hand as if to bless them, and that benediction shall fall upon their hearts, and they shall cease to beat forever.

And the wise men shall be troubled in their learning, for it shall appear to them as a little dim speck, when the sun of intelligence shall arise.

And as he mounts on high, his warmth shall melt the clouds heaped up by the tempest; and they shall be but a light vapour which the gentle wind shall drive toward the West.

The heaven hath never before been so serene, nor the earth so green and so fertile.

And in place of the feeble twilight, which

we now call day, a light, living and pure, shall shine from on high, like the reflection of the face of God.

And men shall look upon that light and they shall say: We knew neither ourselves nor others, we knew not that which belongeth unto man. Now we know all things.

And every man shall then love his brother, and rejoice to serve him: and there shall be neither small nor great, for love shall equalize all; and all families shall be as one family, and all nations as one nation.

This is the interpretation of the mystic letters which the blinded Jews fastened to the cross of Christ.

XXV.

It was a winter's night. The wind sighed without, and the snow whitened the roofs.

Under one of those roofs, in a narrow chamber, were seated, working with their hands, a woman of bleached locks and her young daughter.

And from time to time, the aged woman warmed at a little fire, her pallid hands. An earthen lamp lighted this poor abode, and a ray of that lamp fell upon an image of the Virgin which was hung upon the wall.

Then the young daughter, lifting her eyes, regarded for some moments in silence. the woman of bleached locks; at

length she spoke: My mother, you have not always been in this distress.

And there was in her voice a sweetness and a tenderness which were inexpressible.

And the woman of bleached locks replied: My daughter, "it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good."

Having spoken these words, she was silent for a short time; at length she spoke again.

When I lost your father, I thought my sorrow incurable; still you remained to me; but then I felt only my agony.

Since that time, I have thought that had he lived, and seen us in this distress, his heart would have broken; and I have felt, that God hath been kind to him.

The daughter said not a word, but, bending her head, some tears which she strug-

gled to hide, fell upon the work which she held in her hands.

The mother added: God, who hath been kind toward him, hath also been kind toward us. Wherein have we wanted, while so many have wanted every thing?

It is true, that God hath caused us to become accustomed to little, and to gain that little by our labour; but is not that little enough? And have not all, since the beginning, been condemned to live by their labour?

God in his goodness hath given us bread from day to day; how many have it not? He hath given to us a shelter, and how many know not where to lay their heads?

He hath, Oh, my daughter! given thee to me; wherefore should I complain?

At these last words, the young daughter,

deeply moved, fell upon her knees before her mother, took her hands, kissed them, and hung upon her bosom weeping.

And the mother, struggling to raise her voice: my daughter, said she, happiness consisteth not in possessing much, but in hoping much and loving much.

Our hope is not here below, neither our love, for if they are here, they are here but for a moment.

After God, you are my all in this world; but this world passeth away like a dream, and therefore my love riseth with thee toward another world.

When I carried you in my womb, I prayed one day with much earnestness to the Virgin Mary, and she appeared to me during my sleep, and seemed, with a celestial smile, to present me with a little infant.

And I took the infant which she gave me, and whilst I held it in my arms, the Virgin Mary placed upon its head a crown of white roses.

In less than a month after, you were born, and the sweet vision was always before my eyes.

So saying, the woman of bleached locks, started up and folded her young daughter to her heart.

Not long after this, a holy spirit saw two brilliant forms mounting toward heaven, and a troop of angels accompanied them, and the air resounded with their songs of joy.

XXVI.

The things which your eyes see, and which your hands touch, are shadows only, and the sound which strikes your ear is but the rude echo of that intimate and mysterious voice which adores, prays, and groans from the bosom of creation.

For every creature groans, every creature is in travail, and struggles to be born to a new life, to pass from darkness to light, from the land of shadows to that of realities.

The sun, so brilliant and beautiful, is but the vestment, the obscure emblem of the true sun which illuminates and warms the soul.

This earth, so rich, so verdant, is but the pale winding-sheet of nature; for nature wastes away, descends like man into the tomb, but like him she rises again.

Under this thick covering of the body, ye resemble the traveller, who at night within his tent, sees, or fancies that he sees phantoms passing.

The real world is veiled to you. He who looks deep within himself, perceives it there as in the distance. The secret powers which sleep in him, and yet wake in a moment, lift for him a corner of that veil which time holds with his wrinkled hand, and the inward eye is ravished with the wonders which it contemplates.

Ye are seated upon the shore of the ocean of time, but ye penetrate not into its depths. Ye walk at evening time by the sea-side, and ye behold only the

foam which the wave throws upon the beach.

To what then shall I compare you?

Ye are like the child in the womb of its mother awaiting the hour of its birth; like the butterfly in its chrysalis state struggling to leave its terrestrial prison, to take its flight toward the heavens.

XXVII.

Who was it that pressed around Christ to be taught by his words? The people.

Who was it that followed him into the mountains and the desert places to hear his precepts? The people.

Who desired to make him a king? The people.

Who spread their garments and cast branches before him, crying, Hosanna, as he entered Jerusalem? The people.

Who was it that reviled him for healing the sick on the sabbath-day? The scribes and the pharisees.*

* The eloquent author was here misled by his new preceptions of liberty. Those who were ruled were not all the friends of Christ, and of those in authority, some were his adherents. Christianity belongs not exclusively to either governors or governed; it is adapted to all, because it was made for all. De la Mennais might have asked: Who was it that cried: "Crucify him, crucify him?" The people.

Who insidiously questioned him and laid snares to take him? The scribes and the pharisees.

Who said of him: he hath a devil? Who called him a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber? The scribes and the pharisees.

Who treated him as a seditious fellow and blasphemer? Who leagued together to put him to death? Who crucified him upon Calvary between two thieves?

The scribes and the pharisees, the teachers of the law, king Herod and his courtiers, the Roman governor, and the chief priests.

Their hypocritical cunning deceived even the people. They urged them to demand the death of him who had fed them in the desert with seven loaves, who restored health to the sick, sight to the blind,

hearing to the deaf, and the use of their limbs to the palsied.

But Jesus perceiving that they had seduced the people, as the serpent seduced the woman, prayed his Father, saying: Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.

Nevertheless, after eighteen centuries, the Father hath not yet forgiven them, and they drag their punishment over the whole earth, and over the whole earth they are beneath the slaves.

The mercy of Christ excludes no man. He hath come into the world to save not some men, but all men. He hath shed for each of us a drop of blood.

But the small, the weak, the humble, the poor, all those who suffered, he loved them with a love of preference.

His heart did beat with the hearts of

the people, and the hearts of the people beat with his heart.

And it is through the love of Christ that a sick people revives, and an oppressed people receives the power of emancipating themselves.

Woe unto those who forsake him, who deny him! their misery is incurable, their bondage eternal.

XXVIII.

THERE have been times when man in murdering his fellow-man whose belief differed from his own, supposed that he offered an acceptable sacrifice to God.

But hold ye in abomination these cursed murders.

How could the murder of man please God, who has said to man: Thou shalt do no murder?

When the blood of man flows upon the earth as an offering to God, demons run to drink it and enter into him who hath shed it.

No man begins to persecute until he hath despaired of convincing; and he who despaireth of convincing, either blasphemeth in

himself the power of truth, or wants confidence in the truth of the doctrines which he announces.

What can be more unfeeling than to say to men: believe or die!

Faith is the daughter of truth: she penetrateth the heart with the word, and not with a dagger.

Jesus went about doing good, drawing men after him by his goodness, and touching by his kindness the hardest hearts.

His divine lips blessed and cursed no man, save hypocrites. He chose not executioners for his apostles.

He said to his own: let the good and the bad grain both grow together till the harvest; the husbandman shall separate them on the threshing floor.

And to those who begged that he would cause fire to fall from heaven upon an un-

believing village, he said, ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.

The spirit of Jesus is a spirit of peace, of mercy, and of love.

Those who persecute in his name, who search conscience with a sword, who torture the body to convert the soul, who cause tears to flow instead of wiping them away; these have not the spirit of Jesus.

Wo to him who profaneth the gospel in making it an object of terror to man! Wo to him who writeth good news upon a bloody leaf!

Remember ye the catacombs.

In those times they dragged you to the scaffold, they delivered you to wild beasts in the amphitheatre to amuse the populace, they cast you by thousands to the bottom of mines and prisons, they confiscated your goods, they trampled you under foot as the dirt of the highways; ye had no asylum but the bowels

of the earth in which to celebrate your proscribed mysteries.

What said your persecutors? They said that ye propagated dangerous doctrines, that your sect, for so they called it, troubled order and public peace; that violaters of the law, and enemies of the human race, ye disturbed the empire, in overturning the religion of the empire.

And in this distress, under this oppression, what demanded ye? Liberty. Ye did but ask for the right to obey God, to serve and to worship him according to your conscience.

When even those who are deceived in their faith shall ask of you this sacred right, respect it in them as ye demanded that the Pagans should respect it in you.

Respect it, as ye would not dishonour the memory of your confessors, and pollute the ashes of your martyrs.

Persecution hath a double edge: she wounds to the right and to the left.

If, then, ye remember not the instructions of Christ, at least remember the catacombs.

XXIX.

GUARD carefully within your hearts, justice and love, they will be your safeguard, they will drive from among you discord and dissensions.

That which produceth discord, and dissension, that which engendereth strifes which scandalize good men, and ruin families, is, in the first instance, sordid interest, the insatiable passion to acquire and possess.

Fight, then, without ceasing, this passion in yourself, which Satan without ceasing excites.

What will avail you all the riches which ye have amassed, whether by good or evil means? a little sufficeth man, who liveth so short a time.

Another cause of interminable dissensions, will be found in evil laws.

But there is little else save evil laws in the world. What other law is necessary to him who hath the law of Christ?

The law of Christ is plain, it is holy, and there is no one who hath this law in his heart who will not with ease find a judge in himself.

Hearken to that which hath been said unto me!

The children of Christ, if they have difficulties among themselves, should not carry them before the tribunals of those who oppress and corrupt the earth.

Have they not aged men among them? And these ancients, are they not their fathers, knowing and loving justice.

What hindereth then to find one of these ancients, and to say unto him: My father, we

have not been able to agree, I and my brother who are here: judge, therefore, we pray thee, betwixt him and me.

And that old man will hear the words of both, and will judge betwixt them, and having judged will bless them.

And if they submit to that judgment, his blessing shall rest upon them; if not, it shall return to the old man who shall have judged righteous judgment.

There is nothing beyond the accomplishment of those who are united, whether it be for good or for evil. The day of your union, therefore, will be the day of your deliverance.

When the children of Israel were oppressed in the land of Egypt, if each one of them, forgetful of his brethren, had wished to go out alone, not one of them would have escaped: they went out together, and no man hindered them.

Ye also, are in the land of Egypt, bent under the sceptre of Pharaoh, and the lash of his task-masters. Cry unto the Lord your God; then arise and go forth together.

XXX.

When love was cold, and injustice had begun to increase upon the earth, God said to one of his servants: go in my name, find the people, and anounce to them, that which thou shalt see: and that which thou shalt see, shall certainly come to pass, unless forsaking their evil ways, they repent and return to me.

And the servant of God obeyed his command, and being clothed in sackcloth and having put ashes on his head, he went forth among the multitude, and lifting his voice, he said:

Wherefore anger ye the Lord to your

own loss? Forsake your evil ways, repent ye, and return to him.

And some, hearing these words, were moved by them, and others mocked, saying: Who is this, and whence cometh he, to speak unto us? Who hath charged him to reprove us? He is a madman.

And, lo! the spirit of God seized the prophet, and time was opened to his vision, and ages passed before him.

And suddenly rending his garments, thus, said he, shall be rent asunder the family of Adam.

The men of sin have measured the earth with a line; they have numbered its inhabitants, as cattle are numbered, one by one.

They have said, let us divide it, and coin it into money for our use.

And the division was made, and each

one took that which fell to him, and the earth and its inhabitants were delivered over to the men of sin, and, consulting together, they asked of each other: how much is our possession worth? And they all answered thirty pieces.

And they began to traffic among themselves with the thirty pieces.

And there were bargains, and sales, and exchanges: men for land, and land for men, and gold for both.

And each one coveted the part of the other, and they were tempted to murder each other, that they might rob each other; and with the blood which flowed they have written upon one piece of paper, *Justice*, and upon another, *Glory*.

O Lord, enough, enough!

And, lo! there were two who cast their

fangs of iron over the people, each one bearing away his part.

The sword hath passed and repassed.—Hear ye those heart-rending cries? They are the mourning of young wives, and the lamentations of mothers.

Lord, Lord! shall thy wrath be eternal? Wilt thou stretch out thine arm to strike? Spare the fathers for the sake of the children. Look upon the tears of these poor little creatures, who know not how to distinguish their right hand from the left.

The world is enlarged, peace is about to revive, there shall be room for all.

Alas, alas! the blood is overflowing, it encircles the earth as a red girdle.

Who is that old man who talks of justice, while he holds in one hand a poisoned cup, and with the other caresses a prostitute who calls him, my father?

He says:—to me belongs the earth. I will distribute it to those among you who are the strongest.

And what he said that did he; and from his throne, without rising, he assigned to each one his prey.

And all devoured, and their hunger increased, and they fell upon one another, and the flesh quivered, and the bones cracked between their teeth.

A market was then opened, the people, with ropes round their necks, were dragged there, they were examined, they were weighed, they were made to walk and to run; and a value put upon them. Then the tumult and confusion ceased, and a regular trade succeeded.

Happy are the birds of heaven, and the beasts of the earth! no man constraineth

them, they come and go as seemeth good unto them.

What are those mills which turn without ceasing, and what do they grind?

Sons of Adam, those mills are the laws of those who govern you, and that which they grind is yourselves.

And as the prophet cast upon the future, these ill-omened lights, a mysterious dread took possession of those who heard him.

Suddenly his voice ceased to be heard, and he seemed absorbed in profound thought. The people waited in silence, their bosoms writhing and palpitating with anguish.

Then spake the prophet: O Lord, thou hast not abandoned this people in their misery; thou hast not delivered them to their oppressors for ever.

And he took two branches, stripped

them of their leaves, and having crossed them, he bound them together; then lifting them above the multitude, he cried: this shall be your deliverance, by this sign shall ye conquer.

And the night came on, and the prophet disappeared like a fleeting shadow, and the multitude was dispersed in the darkness.

XXXI.

When after a long drought, a gentle shower falls upon the earth, it drinketh greedily the rain from heaven which refreshes and fertilizes it.

So thirsty nations shall greedily drink the Word of God, when it falleth upon them like a refreshing shower.

And justice, with love, and peace, and liberty, shall spring up in their bosom.

And this time shall be as the time when all men were brethren, and the voice of the master, and the voice of the slave, the groans of the poor, and the sighs of the oppressed, shall no more be heard; but songs of joy and thanksgiving.

Fathers shall say to their sons; our early days have been troubled, full of tears and anguish. But now the sun rises and sets upon our joy. Praised be God, who hath shewed us these blessings before we die!

And mothers shall say to their daughters: Ye see your countenances now serene; disappointment, sorrow, and misery trace no longer there, as in olden times, their deep furrows. Your countenances are like the surface of a lake in spring time, which is rippled by no breeze. Praised be God, who hath shewed us these blessings before we die!

And the young men shall say to the young virgins: Ye are lovely as the flowers of the field, pure as the dew which refreshes them, as the light which colours them. It is sweet to look upon our fathers, it is sweet to stand near our mothers, but when we behold you standing near us there passeth over our

spirits something which is heavenly. Praised be God, who hath shewed us these blessings before we die!

And the young virgins shall answer: The flowers fade, they pass away; there cometh a day when the dew shall not refresh them, when the light shall not colour them. But there is upon the earth a virtue which fadeth not, neither passeth it away. Our fathers are like the ear which is filled with grain in autumn, our mothers like the vine which is laden with fruit. It is sweet to us to look upon our fathers, it is sweet to us to stand near our mothers, and the sons of our fathers and of our mothers are sweet to us also. Praised be God, who hath shewed us these blessings before we die.

XXXII.

I saw a lofty, and full grown beech tree. From the root to the top it stretched out its huge branches, which shaded the earth around, so that it was barren: there grew not upon it one blade of grass. From the foot of the giant, there came out a tree which after rising to a small height, was bent, twisted, then stretched itself horizontally, then rose, then bent again; and at last succeeded in extending its bald and barren head beneath the vigorous branches of the beech tree, in search of a breath of air and a ray of light.

And I thought within myself, behold, how the small cross the shadow of the great.

Who gather around the mighty of this

world? who approach them? It is not the poor man, they drive him away; the sight of him defileth their eyes. They carefully remove him far from their presence, and their palaces: they suffer him not even to walk in the pleasure grounds open to all but him, because his body, accustomed to labour, is covered with the garments of poverty.

Who then gather around the mighty of this world? the rich and the flatterers, who wish to be like them, abandoned women, the base ministers to their secret pleasures, buffoons, fools, who divert their consciences, false prophets, who deceive them.

What others then? the men of violence and cunning, the workers of oppression, cruel extortioners, all those who say: deliver the people to us, and we will cause their gold to flow into your coffers, and their fat into your veins.

For where the carcass is there will the eagles be gathered together.

The little birds make their nests in the grass, but birds of prey build theirs in lofty trees.

XXXIII.

At the season when the leaves were fading, an old man laden with a bundle of faggots returned slowly toward his cottage situated at the foot of a hill.

And on the side where the valley opened, between trees scattered here and there, the oblique rays of the sun already below the horizon, might be seen sporting in the clouds of the west, and tinging them with innumerable colours, which were gradually melting away.

And the old man arrived at his cottage, his only possession, with the little field, which he cultivated near by; threw down the bundle of faggots, seated himself upon

a wooden stool blackened by the smoke of the hearth, and bowed his head upon his breast in a deep reverie.

And from time to time a low sigh escaped from his heaving bosom, and in a broken voice he said:

I have but one child, they have taken him from me; but one poor cow, they have taken her as the tax for my field.

And then in a tone more feeble he repeated: My son, my son! and a tear moistened his aged eye-lids, but it could not flow.

While he was thus grieving, he heard some one, who said unto him: My father, may the blessing of God be upon thee and thine.

Mine! cried the old man; I have no person who careth for me; I am desolate.

And lifting his eyes, he saw a pilgrim

standing near at the door, leaning upon a long staff; and knowing that it is God who sendeth guests, he said unto him:

May God return thee thy blessing; enter my son, all that the poor man hath is for the poor.

And kindling upon the hearth his bundle of faggots, he began to prepare a repast for the traveller.

But nothing could drive away the thought which oppressed him; it was ever at his heart.

And the pilgrim knowing that which troubled him so bitterly, said unto him: My father, God trieth thee by the hands of men. Nevertheless, there are miseries greater than thy miseries. It is not the oppressed who suffer most; but the oppressors.

The old man shook his head, and answered not a word.

The pilgrim replied: that which thou believest not now, thou shalt believe hereafter.

And having caused him to sit down, he placed his hands upon his eyes; and the old man fell into a sleep, like the heavy, dark, and horrible sleep which seized Abraham, when God shewed him the future miseries of his race.

And he seemed to be transported into a vast palace, near a bed, and by the side of the bed there was a crown, and in the bed a man who was sleeping, and the old man saw that which was passing in that man, as in the day time when awake, one sees that which passeth before his eyes.

And the man who was there couched upon a bed of gold, heard sounds like the confused cries of a multitude which demanded

bread. It was a noise like the noise of waves which break upon the shore during a tempest. And the tempest increased, and the noise increased; and the man who was sleeping, saw the waves mounting from time to time, and beating against the walls of the palace, and he made desperate efforts to fly, but he could not; and his anguish was horrible.

Whilst he looked upon him with fright, the old man was suddenly transported into another palace. The man who was lying there, seemed more like a corpse than a living man.

And in his sleep he saw before him trunkless heads, and opening their mouths the heads said:

We were sacrificed for you, and behold the price which we have received. Sleep on,

sleep on, we never sleep. We wait the hour of vengeance: it is at hand.

And the blood ran cold in the veins of the sleeping man. And he said: O that I might at least leave my crown to that infant, and his haggard eyes were turned toward a cradle on which was placed a royal crown.

But when he began to be calm and to console himself a little in that thought, another man, like him in his features, seized the child and dashed it against the wall.

And the old man felt himself fainting with horror.

And he was transported at the same instant to two different places; and though separated, those two places were to him but as one place.

And he saw two men, and but for the difference of age, one might have taken

these for the same man; and he perceived, that they had been nourished at the same breast.

And their sleep was that of the condemned criminal whom execution awaits at his waking. Shadows wrapped in bloody winding-sheets passed before them, and each of them in passing touched them, and their limbs were drawn up and contracted, as if shrinking at the touch of death.

Then they looked at each other with a hideous smile, and their eyes were inflamed, and their hands convulsively clutched the haft of a poignard.

And the old man then saw a man pale and meagre. Jealousies crowded around his bed, distilled their venom over his face, murmured in a low voice dark words, and slowly thrust their nails in his skull,

moistened with a cold sweat. And a human form, pale as a shroud, approached him, and the figure, without speaking, pointed its finger to a black mark which it had around its neck. And the knees of the pale man smote each other, so that the bed trembled, and his mouth gasped with horror, and his eyes were horribly dilated.

And the old man, benumbed with fright, was transported to a greater palace.

And he who slept there breathed but with extreme difficulty. A black spectre was crouched upon his breast and looked at him with a mocking sneer. And he spake in his ear, and his words became visions in the soul of the man, whom he pressed and crushed with his sharp bones.

And this man saw himself surrounded by an innumerable multitude, which sent forth hideous cries:

Thou hast promised us liberty, but hast given us slavery.

Thou hast promised to govern us by laws, and thou hast imposed upon us thy caprices for laws.

Thou hast promised to spare the bread of our wives and our children, and thou hast doubled our miseries to increase thy treasures.

Thou hast promised us glory, and thou hast brought upon us the scorn and just hatred of the nations.

Descend, Descend! and sleep with perjured wretches and tyrants.

And he felt himself cast down, dragged away by this multitude, and he caught at his bags of gold, and the bags burst, and the gold was scattered upon the ground.

And it seemed to him, that he wandered poor in the world, and that, being thirsty,

he asked water for charity, and they gave him a vessel of filthy mud, that all men shunned him, all cursed him, because he was stamped on his forehead with the mark of a traitor.

And the old man turned his eyes away from him in disgust.

And in two other palaces he saw two other men dreaming of executions. For, said they, where shall we find safety? The earth is undermined beneath our feet, nations abhor us; even the little children in their prayers pray God night and morning, that the earth may be delivered of us.

And the one dreamed, that he was condemning to a cruel torture, even to all the tortures of body and soul and to death by famine, those unfortunate wretches whom he suspected of having pronounced the word liberty; and the other dreamed,

that after having confiscated their goods, he was ordering two young girls to be cast to the bottom of a dungeon, for having nursed their wounded brothers in a hospital.

And as they tired of this work of execution, their messengers came.

And one of the messengers said: Your prisoners in the south have broken their chains, and with the fragments of them have driven away your governors and your soldiers.

And the other said: Your banners have been rent to pieces upon the banks of a great river and the waves carry away their fragments.

And the two kings writhed upon their couches.

And the old man saw a third king. He had banished God from his heart; and in his heart, in place of God, there was a

worm which gnawed without ceasing, and when his anguish became more intense, he stammered forth horrid blasphemies, and his lips were covered with a bloody foam.

And he seemed to be in an immense plain, alone with the worm which never dieth. And this plain was a cemetery, the cemetery of a murdered people.

And suddenly, behold the earth was moved, the graves were opened, the dead came forth and advanced in crowds, and he could neither make a motion, nor raise a cry.

And all the dead men, women, and children looked on him in silence, and after a little time, during this silence they took the stones of the sepulchres and placed them around him.

And they were first placed up to the knees, then to the breast, then even to the mouth,

and he stretched, with much effort, the muscles of his neck to breathe once more; and the edifice continued to rise, and when it was finished the summit was lost in a black cloud.

The strength of the old man began to desert him; his soul overflowed with fear.

And, lo! after having traversed many empty halls he reached a small chamber, where a pale lamp barely glimmered, and upon the bed he saw a man consumed by age.

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And that was the last vision. And the old man having waked, returned thanks to Providence for the small share, which he had given him in the miseries of life.

And the pilgrim said unto him: Hope

and pray; prayer obtains every thing. Your son is not lost, your eyes shall see him before they close. Await in peace the time of the Almighty.

And the old man waited in peace.

XXXIV.

The evils which afflict the earth come not from God, for God is love, and all that he doeth is good; they come from Satan, whom God hath cursed, and from men, who have Satan for their father and master.

And the sons of Satan are numerous in the world;—as they pass, God writeth their names in a sealed book, which shall be opened and read before all men at the close of time.

There are men who love nothing but themselves; and these are the men of hatred, for to love themselves alone is to hate others.

There are men of haughtiness, who

cannot bear equality, who wish always to command and domineer.

There are men of covetousness, who always demand gold, honours, and enjoyments, and who are never satisfied.

There are men of theft, who watch the weak to rob them by force or stratagem, and who prowl at night around the habitation of the widow and the orphan.

There are men of murder, filled with thoughts of violence, who say: Ye are our brethren, and kill those whom they call their brethren, as soon as they suspect them to be opposed to their designs, and they write laws with their blood.

There are men of fear, who tremble before the wicked, and kiss their hands, hoping thereby to escape their oppression; and who, when an innocent man is at-

tacked in a public place, hasten to return to their houses, and shut the door.

All these men have destroyed peace, security, and liberty on the earth.

And never will ye find again liberty, security, and peace, but in contending against them without ceasing.

The city which they have made is the city of Satan; ye have to rebuild the city of God.

In the city of God, each one loveth his brethren as himself; and therefore is it, that no one is forsaken, none suffer, for there is a remedy for their sufferings.

In the city of God, all are equal; no one tyrannizes, for justice alone reigns with love.

In the city of God, each one possesseth without fear . that which is his own, and desireth nothing more, because that which

belongeth to each, belongeth to all, for all possess God, in whom all things are comprehended.

In the city of God, no one sacrificeth others to himself, but each one is ready to sacrifice himself for others.

In the city of God, if a wicked man should glide in, all separate themselves from him, and all unite to restrain him, or to drive him out; for the wicked man is the enemy of each one, and the enemy of each must be the enemy of all.

When you shall have rebuilt the city of God, the earth shall blossom again, and the people shall once more be refreshed, because you will have conquered the sons of Satan who oppress the people, and desolate the earth, the men of haughtiness, the men of theft, the men of murder, and the men of fear.

XXXV.

If the oppressors of nations were left to themselves, without support, without foreign aid, what could they do?

If to retain men in bondage, they had no help but the help of those who profit by bondage, what could that contemptible number do against the whole body of the people?

And the wisdom of God hath thus ordered affairs, to the end that men might always resist tyranny, and tyranny would be impossible, if men would but learn wisdom from God.

But having turned their hearts to other thoughts, the rulers of the world have opposed to the wisdom of God, which men

understand not, the wisdom of the prince of this world, even of Satan.

But Satan, who is the king of the oppressors of nations, suggested to them, an infernal stratagem, by which to confirm their tyranny.

He said unto them; this is what ye should do. Take in each family the strongest of the young men, and put arms in their hands and teach them to use them, and they will fight for you against their fathers and their brethren: for I will persuade them that the action will be glorious.

I will make for them two idols, which they shall call Honour and Loyalty, and a law which they shall call Passive Obedience.

And they will worship these idols, and blindly submit themselves to that law, because I will seduce their understandings, and ye will then have nothing more to fear.

And the oppressors of nations did as Satan

had advised them, and Satan, also, accomplished what he had promised to them.

And then might be seen the children of a nation raising their hands against that nation, to murder their brothers, and to chain their fathers, and forgetting even the mother who bore them.

And when it was said unto them: In the name of all that is sacred, think of the atrocious wickedness which ye perpetrate; they would answer, we do not think,—we obey.

And when it was said unto them: Have ye then no love for your fathers and mothers, for your brothers and sisters? they would answer, we do not love,—we obey.

And when you shewed to them the altars of that God who made man, of that Christ who saved him, they would exclaim: this, this is the God of the country,—but as for

our gods, we have no gods, but the gods of our masters:—Honour and Loyalty.

Verily, I say unto you, since the seduction of the first woman, by the serpent, there hath been no seduction more dreadful than this.

But it approacheth its end. When the wicked spirit fascinateth righteous souls, it is but for a time. They pass as it were through a frightful dream, and on waking, they bless God who hath delivered them from that torment.

Yet a little while, and those who fought for their oppressors will fight for the oppressed: those who fought to retain under chains their fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters, will fight to emancipate them.

And Satan shall flee to his caverns with the tyrants of nations.

XXXVI.

Young soldier, whither goest thou?

I go to fight for God, and the altars of my country.

A blessing be upon thine arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?

I go to fight for justice, for the holy cause of the people, for the sacred rights of the human race.

A blessing be upon thine arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?

I go to fight for the deliverance of my brethren from oppression, to break their chains, and the chains of the world.

A blessing be upon thine arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?

I go to fight against wicked men, for those whom they have overturned and trampled under foot; against masters, for their slaves; against tyrants, for liberty.

A blessing be upon thine arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?

I go to fight, that all may no longer be the prey of a few; to raise the drooping heads, and strengthen the tottering knees.

A blessing be upon thine arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?

I go to fight, that fathers may no more curse the day, when it was said to them, a son is born to thee; nor mothers the

hour, when they pressed to their bosoms for the first time their new-born babes.

A blessing be upon thine arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?

I go to fight, that the brother may no more be sad in seeing his sister fade away as the grass, which the earth refuseth to nourish; that the sister may no more look with weeping eyes upon her brother, departing never to return.

A blessing be upon thine arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?

I go to fight, that each one may eat in peace of the fruit of his toil; to dry up the tears of starving infancy asking for bread, and receiving for answer;—"There is no more bread, that which remained has been taken from us."

A blessing be upon thine arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?

I go to fight for the poor, that he may not be forever despoiled of his part of the common inheritance.

A blessing be upon thine arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?

I go to fight, that famine may be driven from cottages, and their inmates restored to abundance, to safety, to joy.

A blessing be upon thine arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?

I go to fight, that the air of heaven may be restored to the lungs of those, whom oppressors have buried in the depths of dungeons, and that the light of day may be poured upon their longing eyes.

A blessing be upon thine arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?

I go to fight for the overthrow of the barriers, which divide nations, and prevent them from embracing as sons of the same father, destined to live united in mutual love.

A blessing be upon thine arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?

I go to fight, that thought, and speech, and conscience may be emancipated from the tyranny of man.

A blessing be upon thine arms, young soldier!

Young soldier whither goest thou?

I go to fight for those eternal laws, which were sent down from on high, for

that justice which protects rights, for that charity which alleviates inevitable evils.

A blessing be upon thine arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?

I go to fight that all may have, in heaven, a God, and on earth, a country.

A blessing, yea, a seven-fold blessing be upon thine arms, young soldier!

XXXVII.

Wherefore do ye weary yourselves in vain in your misery? Your desire is good, but ye know not how to accomplish it.

Hold fast this maxim: He alone who hath given life, can alone restore it.

Ye will find success in nothing, without the help of God.

Turn yourselves from side to side upon your beds of anguish: what consolation have ye found?

Ye have overthrown some tyrants, and others have risen up, worse than the first.

Ye have abolished the laws of slavery, and ye have had the laws of blood, and now again ye have the laws of slavery.

Distrust ye, then, the men who stand between God and you, for their shadow only hides him from you. These men have evil designs.

For from God cometh the power which delivers; because from God cometh the love which unites.

What can a man do for you, who has no rule but his own thoughts, no law but his own will.

Even admit him to act in good faith, and to desire nothing evil, still must he give you his will for law, and his thought for a rule.

Hence tyrants do no more than this.

It is not worth while to overturn all and to be exposed to all, merely to substitute one tyranny for another.

Liberty consisteth not in this, that this one should rule in place of that one, but that none should tyrannize.

But inasmuch as God reigneth not himself, it is necessary that some man should rule, and this has always been plainly seen.

The reign of God, I tell you again, is the reign of justice in the soul, and of love in the heart; and on earth, this reign hath its foundation in faith toward God, and faith in Christ who hath promulgated the law of God, the law of love, and the law of justice.

The law of justice teacheth that all are equal before their Father, who is God, and before their Master, who is Christ.

The law of love teaches men to love and aid each other, as children of the same Father, and disciples of the same Master.

And then they are free, because none commands another, unless he hath been freely chosen by all to command: and no one can take from them their liberty; because all are united to defend it.

But those who say unto you: "Before us, no one knew what justice was: justice cometh not from God, but from man; confide in us, and we will make a justice which will satisfy you:"

Such men deceive you; or, if they sincerely promise you liberty, they deceive themselves.

For they ask of you to acknowledge them for masters; and so your liberty would be nothing more than obedience to these new masters.

Say ye, therefore, unto them, that your master is Christ; that you wish not for any other, and Christ will make you free.

XXXVIII.

Ye have need of much patience, and of a courage which never tires: for ye cannot conquer in a day.

Liberty is the bread which nations ought to gain by the sweat of their brow.

Many begin with zeal, and they despond, before they have reached the time of harvest.

They resemble dull and slothful men, who, unwilling to endure the labour of plucking up from their fields noxious weeds as fast as they grow, sow and reap not, because they have suffered weeds to stifle the good seed.

I say unto you, there is always a great famine in such a country.

Again, I say unto you, they are like unto

foolish men, who, having raised even unto the roof a house to shelter them, neglect to cover it, because they fear a little more labour.

The winds and the rain come, and the house is shaken, and those who have built it, are suddenly buried under its ruins.

When your hopes have been disappointed, not seven times only, but even seventy times seven, still lose not your hope.

For when faith clings to her, a just cause will always triumph, and he is saved who persevereth unto the end.

Say not: it is suffering much for a good which comes slowly.

If good cometh slowly, if you are permitted to enjoy it but a little time, or even if you are not permitted to enjoy it at all, still your children, and your children's children shall enjoy it.

They will have nothing but that which you shall leave them: ask yourselves, then, if you wish to bequeath to them chains, and the rod, and famine, for an inheritance.

He who asketh himself how much justice is worth, profaneth justice in his heart; and he who stops to calculate what liberty will cost, hath renounced liberty in his heart.

Liberty and justice will weigh you in the same balance in which you have weighed them. Learn, then, to know their value.

There have been nations who have not known it, and never misery equalled their misery.

If there be upon earth any thing truly great, it is the resolute firmness of a people, who march on, under the eye of God, to the conquest of those rights which they hold from him, without flagging for a moment: who think not of their wounds, their days of

toil, and sleepless nights, and who say, What are all these? Justice and liberty are well worthy of severer labours.

Such a people may be tried by misfortunes, by reverses, by treachery; nay, may even be sold by some Judas. But let nothing discourage them.

For, in truth, I say unto you, that when, like the Saviour of the world, they shall go down into the tomb, like him, they shall come forth again, conquerors over death, and over the prince of this world, and over the servants of the prince of this world.

XXXIX.

The labourer beareth the burthen of the day, exposed to the rain, and the sun, and the winds, that he may, by his labour, prepare that harvest which shall enrich his granaries in autumn.

Justice is the harvest of nations.

The artizan rises before the dawn, he lights his little lamp, and endures ceaseless fatigue, that he may gain a little bread, with which to feed himself and his children.

Justice in the bread of nations.

The merchant shrinks from no labour, complains of no trouble, exhausts his body, and forgets repose, that he may amass wealth.

Liberty is the wealth of nations.

The mariner traverses seas, and trusts himself to the tempest and the waves, and risks himself amid the rocks, and endures heat and cold, that he may secure for himself repose in his old age.

Liberty is the repose of nations.

The soldier submits to many hard privations, he watches and he fights, and pours out his blood, for that which he calls—glory.

Liberty is the glory of nations.

If there be on earth a people who think less of justice and liberty than the labourer does of his harvest, or the artizan of his bread, or the merchant of his wealth, or the mariner of his repose, or the soldier of his glory:—build around that people a high wall, that their breath may not infect the rest of the world.

When the great day of judgment for na-

tions shall come, it will be said to that people, What hast thou done with thy soul? there is neither sign nor trace of it to be seen. The enjoyments of the brute have been every thing to thee. Thou hast loved the mire,—go, wallow in the mire.

And, on the other hand, the people, who, rising above mere material good, shall have placed their affections on true good; who, to obtain that true good, have spared no labour, no fatigue, no sacrifice;—shall hear this word:—

For those who have a soul, there is the recompense of souls. Because thou hast loved liberty and justice before all things, come and possess forever liberty and justice.

XL.

THINK you that the stall-fed ox, which is nourished that it may wear a yoke, and which is fattened that it may be butchered, is more to be envied than the bullock, which in freedom seeks his nourishment in the forests?

Think you that the horse, which is saddled and bridled, and which hath always food in abundance in his rack, hath enjoyment preferable to that of the steed, which, freed from every fetter, neigheth and boundeth over the plain?

Think you that the tamed fowl, to which grain is cast in the court-yard, is happier than the ring-dove, which knoweth not in

the morning where it shall find its food for the day?

Think you that he who quietly walks through one of those parks which men call royal, hath a life more pleasant than that of the free wanderer, who goeth from wood to wood, and rock to rock, with a heart full of the hope that he shall make a country for himself!

Think you that the cowardly slave, seated at the table of his lord, relishes his delicate viands, more than the soldier of liberty does his morsel of black bread?

Think you that he who sleeps, with a cord about his neck, upon the litter which his master hath thrown down for him, hath a sweeter sleep than he, who, after having fought through the day that he might not have any master, snatches at night a brief hour of repose upon the earth, in a corner of the battle-field?

Think you that the coward, who every where drags after him the chains of a slave, is less burthened than the man of courage, who wears the fetters of a prisoner?

Think you that the timid man, who dies upon his bed, stifled by the infected atmosphere which surrounds tyranny, hath a death more desirable, than that of the brave man, who, on a scaffold, renders back to God his soul, free as he received it from him?

Labour is every where, and suffering is every where; but there are barren labours and fruitful labours, there are infamous sufferings and glorious sufferings.

XLI.

THERE goeth one, a wanderer upon the earth. May God guide the poor exile!

I have wandered among many people, and they have looked on me, and I have looked on them, but we knew not each other. The exile is every where alone.

When I have seen, at the decline of day, the smoke of some cottage, rising from the hill side, I have said: Happy is he, who finds at evening the domestic hearth, and who can seat himself in the midst of his own. The exile is every where alone.

Whither go the clouds which are driven by the tempest? I am driven even as they

are, and what matters it whither? The exile is every where alone.

The trees are beautiful, the flowers are lovely: but they are not the flowers, and the trees of my own country; they say nothing to me. The exile is every where alone.

The brook ripples gently over the plain, but its murmur is not that which my infancy heard; it brings back to my soul no recollections. The exile is every where alone.

These songs are sweet, but the sorrows, and the joys, which they awaken, are not my sorrows, and my joys. The exile is every where alone.

I have been asked: Wherefore weepest thou? And when I have answered, no one wept with me, for no one could understand me. The exile is every where alone.

I have seen old men surrounded by their children, like an olive tree by its shoots;

but none of those old men called me his son, not one of those children called me his brother. The exile is every where alone.

I have seen young maidens bestow a smile, pure as the dawn of the morning, upon him whom their affection had chosen for a spouse; but no one smiles on me. The exile is every where alone.

I have seen young men, bosom to bosom, embrace as if they wished their two lives might grow into one; but no one hath grasped my hand. The exile is every where alone.

There are nor friends, nor spouses, nor fathers, nor brethren but in one's own country. The exile is every where alone.

Poor exile! cease to mourn, all are banished like thyself: all hasten to vanish away, fathers, brethren, spouses, friends.

Your country is not here below; man

vainly seeks it here, and finds, in place of it, nothing more than a lodging for a night.

There goes one, a wanderer on the earth. May God guide the poor exile!

XLII.

And my true father-land was shewn to me.

I was snatched above the regions of shadows, and I saw time carrying them with an unspeakable swiftness across the void, as the breath of the south wind carrieth the light vapours, which glide in the distance, over the plain.

And I mounted higher and higher; and realities, invisible to the eye of flesh, appeared to me, and I heard sounds which have no echo in the world of shadows.

And that which I heard, that which I saw was so vivid, my soul seized it with such power, that it seemed to me that all which formerly I had supposed that I saw and

heard, was but an indistinct dream of the night.

What shall I say, then, to the children of night, and what can they understand? And from the heights of eternal day, am I not also fallen with them into the bosom of night, into the region of time, and of shadows?

I saw as it were, an immovable ocean: immense, infinite; and in this ocean three oceans; an ocean of power, an ocean of light, and an ocean of life: and these three oceans, mingling with each other without being united, formed but one and the same ocean, but one unity indescribable, absolute, eternal.

And that unity was He who is; and in the depths of his being, an ineffable knot tied together three persons, who were named to me, and their names were the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost: and there was there a mysterious generation, a mysterious

breath, living, and fertilizing; and the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, were He who is.

And the Father appeared to me as a power, which in the midst of infinite being, one with it, makes but a single act permanent, complete, limitless, which is the infinite being himself.

And the Son appeared to me as a word, permanent, complete, limitless, who explains that which the power of the Father works, that which he is, that which completes the infinite being.

And the Holy Ghost appeared to me as the love, the effusion, mutual aspiration of the Father and the Son, animating them with a common life; animating with a permanent, complete, limitless life, the infinite Being.

And these three were one, and these three

were God, and they embraced, and united themselves in the impenetrable sanctuary of one substance: and that union, that embrace were in the bosom of immensity, the everlasting joy, the eternal pleasure of Him who is.

And in the depths of that infinite ocean of being, creation swam, and floated, and expanded itself: as it were some isle, which, without ceasing, spreads its banks in the midst of a shoreless sea.

It spread like a flower, which casts its roots into the water and which stretches its long threads and corollas upon the surface.

And I saw beings chained to beings producing and developing themselves in their numberless variety, quenching their thirst and nourishing themselves with the sap which never fails of the power, of the light, and of the life of Him who is.

And all that which had been hidden from me till then, was unveiled to my eye, which was no more impeded by the material covering of earthly existence.

Freed from terrestrial fetters, I went from world to world, as here below the spirit goes from thought to thought, and after having plunged and lost myself in the wonders of the power of wisdom and of love, I plunged, I lost myself in the very source of love, of wisdom, and of power, and I comprehended then the real father-land: and I was overwhelmed with light, and my soul, borne on the waves of harmony, slept on its celestial waters in an unspeakable ecstacy.

And then I saw Christ at the right hand of his Father, sitting in all his glory.

And I saw him also as a mystic Lamb sacrificed upon an altar: myriads of angels and of men redeemed by his blood stood

around, and singing his praises they offered thanks to him in the language of heaven.

And a drop of the blood of the Lamb fell on languishing and sickly nature, and I saw it revived, and all the creatures whom it contained leaped with new life and all lifted up their voice, and that voice cried :—

Holy, holy, holy is He, who hath destroyed sin and vanquished death.

And the Son cast himself upon the bosom of the Father, and the Holy Ghost covered them with his shadow, and there was among them a divine mystery: and all creation shouted for joy.

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No. 102, *Broadway,*

A

NEW AND COMPLETE

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OF THE

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In which the Construction of the Language is reduced to its Simplest Principles, by new and plainer Rules, to facilitate the American or English Pupil in becoming acquainted with its Peculiarities. Containing besides, New Rules on Pronunciation; on the Gender of the Nouns; on the Nature and Use of the Articles, Pronouns, Verbs, Participles, &c. A New Method of Learning the Irregular Verbs with greater facility; an accurate List of those expressions in which Foreigners are generally found deficient; and the solution of many difficulties hitherto unexplained.

THE THIRD EDITION, CORRECTED, ENLARGED, AND IMPROVED.

BY JOSEPH F. A. BŒUF,
Teacher of the French Language.

NEW-YORK, 1834.

The following testimonials in favour of the first edition of this work, are submitted to the public.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

Boeuf's French Grammar.—Mr. Joseph F. A. Bœuf a Teacher of the French Language in this city, of deserved reputation, has published a grammar, of which several of our contemporaries, competent judges, have already spoken in highly favourable terms. The work is intended to be a *complete* grammar of the French tongue, embracing all its

compound vowels and diphthongs, the genders, articles, and prepositions, numerals, the situation of nominatives and objectives, &c. He has also introduced an arrangement of some of the verbs commonly classed as irregular, by which the anomalies are greatly reduced in number. In other important parts of speech, also, we think Mr. B. has made similar advances on the French grammars we have been acquainted with; and that one great object he had in view he appears to have accomplished, viz. to communicate a knowledge of the language by exercising the intellect of the pupil, and not by mechanically operating upon the memory.

From the Courier and Enquirer.

Bœuf's French Grammar.—In this Grammar, M. Bœuf has accomplished one great point; he has classed and simplified many rules, which heretofore were difficulties to a beginner, almost insurmountable; and he has added new rules, which make the language much more easy of attainment by English scholars. In pages 67 and 68, he has classed the tenses and termination of verbs, which show the formation of all the regular conjugations, and of many of the irregular verbs. M. Bœuf has also devoted several pages to his views on the use of the articles—and his rules on this subject are important. In speaking and in writing the French, the proper articles to be used, and their grammatical position in a sentence, have been to foreigners, generally, not easily attainable, and the manner in which they are often introduced by those not thoroughly versed in the language, completely pervert the meaning intended; this M. Bœuf has reduced to a classification so simple, that they are now within the comprehension of almost every one.

The grand objection to grammars heretofore used, is their obscurity and the difficulty the student finds in comprehending the rules laid down—and each rule has numberless exceptions. This arises in a measure from the fact, that they are generally little else than mere translations of French Grammars into English, or that the English learner, instead of a grammar solely intended for his instruction, has only a translation of one intended for Frenchmen.

This defect, M. Bœuf, who is an eminent teacher in this city, has endeavoured to remedy, and with much success, by making a French grammar for the English student.

The following is an Extract from a Communication from Dr. Felix Pascalis, *which appeared in the Evening Post of Feb.* 3.

Another valuable merit of the above work, in which however there are few imperfections or inaccuracies, is, that Mons. B. has paid great attention to certain difficulties or anomalies in the French language, which are not only unintelligible to the learners, but frequently to the French natives themselves. His philology, for instance, of the *participle present, past*, &c. is admirable, and we do not recollect of any performance that could be better accommodated to the comprehension of the scholar, than that of Mr. B. We may say the same of the difficulties which perplex so much the foreigners in the use of the articles definite and indefinite; of the pronouns personal, reflective, objective, possessive, and of all others strictly characteristic *gallicisms*, which nevertheless constitute the purity of grammar and taste of the French idiom. With the conviction, therefore, of the clearness, correctness, and great degree of utility of the grammar of Mr. Joseph Bœuf, we do not hesitate to recommend it generally; and particularly to those who having already been initiated to, or instructed in the French language, will always find it a ready *vade mecum* for improvement and assistance in elucidating grammatical or idiomatic difficulties.

C'est avec un grand plaisir que j'ai lu la nouvelle Grammaire Française que vient de publier Monsieur Joseph Bœuf. Nous en avons déja un grand nomore, et quelques unes jouissent d'une réputation méritée, mais elles ne me paraissent pas tout-a-fait conçues pour des étrangers parlant Anglais. Il en est qui disent trop au commençant; d'autres lui laissent trop ignorer: toutes semblent trop parler à des Français. Monsieur Bœuf s'est servi de sa propre expérience. Il a vu, en instruisant, ce que l'élève souhaite savoir, il l'a dit et l'a dit aussi clairement qu'il était possible de le faire. Il n'y a, pour s'en convaincre, qu'à lire ses règles sur *les genres, les pronoms, les verbes, articles, gallicismes, &c.* qui ont non seulement la qualité d'être claires, mais quelques unes celle encore d'être *nouvelles.* Une semblable grammaire doit réussir indubitablement; et, convaincu de son utilité, je la recommande aux personnes qui veulent apprendre à parler

correctement notre langue, et en particulier aux chefs d'institution, comme un livre vraiment utile.

New-York, le 22 Fevrier, 1830.

A. Verren, A. M.
Recteur de l'Egl. Pr. Ep. Française du St. Esprit, et Professeur de littérature Française au college Columbia de New-York.

John McVickar, D. D.
Prof. Mor. Phil. &c. Col. Coll.

Sir,—I have examined the French Grammar you had the kindness to send me, with all the attention that was consistent with my own engagement, and with all the satisfaction, I am happy to add, that I could derive from a conviction of its great merits.

In your work, I discover a most laudable attention to a comparison of the French and English idioms, by which the pupil is made to comprehend the exact points of difference and resemblance; and instead of a tedious, vague, and imperfect enumeration of particulars, I observe that you have, in most cases, deduced general and comprehensive rules, which comprehend the particulars, commonly enumerated by others, and make their application easy and certain.

The order in which you have disposed the parts of your subject, and your progressive developement, seem to me particularly judicious; and viewing the work as a striking and valuable improvement, I most sincerely recommend it to the use of the French pupils, and wish you all the success due to your useful efforts. Your ob't servant,

H. Bostwick.

Mr. Joseph Bœuf. Feb. 22, 1830.

From the approbation which the French Grammar of Mons. Bœuf has received from those gentlemen who are competent judges, and whose leisure has permitted them carefully to examine it, the same has been adopted, and is now exclusively used in *the grammar school of Columbia College.* I can therefore recommend its adoption in other schools and seminaries.

W. A. Duer,
Pres. Col. Coll. N. Y.

Feb. 25th, 1830.

ON THE SECOND EDITION.

From the New-York American.

A NEW AND COMPLETE GRAMMAR OF THE FRENCH TONGUE, by Joseph F. A. Bœuf.—This is also a new edition of a work we have already strongly recommended. Mr. Bœuf is peculiarly happy in imparting a knowledge of the genius of the language to the pupil, and to this end has introduced nearly two hundred rules of his own, so ingeniously modified, as to embrace the greatest idiomatic difficulties of the French, as well as its broader peculiarities. He also suggests a new method of learning the irregular verbs with greater facility, and solves many difficulties which hitherto unexplained, have only been impressed in an arbitrary manner upon the mind of the pupil. This edition is enlarged and much improved, and to those who would avail themselves of a useful adjunct in the acquirement of a difficult tongue we say, with the motto of Mr. Bœuf's book, "Tolle lege."

From the Evening Post.

Mr. Bœuf's French Grammar, of which we made some examination, and gave some account at its first publication, has, we are pleased to see, reached a second edition. About a hundred pages have been added to the work, the examples and illustrations have been increased wherever experience has shown them to be defective, and under the head of Gallicisms much new matter has been introduced. Questions are given at the foot of the page, according to a plan much in use, for the purpose of exercising the pupils on the rules they have learned. Mr. Bœuf states in his preface, that his book contains upwards of one hundred new rules upon very important difficulties, never treated of by former grammarians. To those who desire to speak and write the French language with purity, we can recommend this work.

From the New-York Globe.

Bœuf's French Grammar.—A second edition of this popular work has just appeared. It contains many improvements and amendments upon the former edition. The system adopted by Bœuf is different from the various plans which have flooded the world of late, under the questionable title of natural systems. How often has vulgarity passed off for sim-

plicity? how often flippancy for talent? The same good sense which can distinguish the genuine from the spurious in every thing appertaining to men and manners, runs through good criticism, accurate philology, or natural systems of teaching.—Teach one child as you would another; but the best mode of communicating knowledge to manhood is altogether different. A system of education in any branch of science, or any accomplishment of mind, which would be natural at eight years of age, would be unnatural and forced at eighteen. The process by which we acquired our native tongue is unique and isolated. The connection between our thoughts, and our words or phrases, is an arbitrary rule without depending on any other law of nature or of art. A knowledge of our own language once attained, we then possess the "vantage ground" to acquire another. This is the system of Mr. Bœuf, and we must say it is the natural system of teaching language to persons in the full exercise of their faculties.

From the Courier and Enquirer.

Bœuf's French Grammar, 2d Edition.—Mr. Bœuf, a successful and well-known teacher of the French language, in this city, has just published a second edition of his French Grammar. The first edition we have before expressed a favourable opinion of, the plan being natural, practical, and tested by experience.

This edition embraces many improvements, without any fundamental alteration. The style bas been improved; many more examples and illustrations are given, particularly on the irregular verbs, page 134; on the pronominal verbs, pp. 112, 113, and 114; on the nouns, pp. 142 to 150; on the articles, pp. 162 to 165; on nouns used in opposition, pp. 174 to 180; on the adjectives, p. 191; on gallicisms from page 235.

We cannot notice all the other additions, for there is not a rule which experience has enabled the author to see subject to exception, that he has not made more general, and many directions are given for peculiar difficulties. The book is upwards of 100 pages larger than the first edition. Directions are given to teachers, from the beginning to the end of the book; and questions are placed at the bottom of the page to oblige young pupils to give an account of the rules which they have learned.

All the improvements above noticed are the consequence of the use of the first edition, and of a more extensive knowledge of the English language, which has enabled the author to compare it more closely with the French.

SOLD BY C. DE BEHR,

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THE

FRENCH READER:

OR

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BY

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ON A NEW PLAN;

In which the English translation of the French is entirely excluded: leading the pupil gradually from the first elements of the language, through its greatest difficulties: containing also a treatise on pronunciation.

SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED, IMPROVED, AND ENLARGED.

BY JOSEPH F. A. BŒUF,
Teacher of the French Language,

NEW-YORK, 1834.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

Bœuf's French Reader.—It is now more than a year since we noticed the grammar published by Mr. Bœuf, and expressed our opinion, derived from an examination of its plan, that it was well calculated to facilitate a correct acquisition of the French language, and was peculiarly so, in the explanation of those difficulties which are generally overcome, if at all, by

dint of memory, and practice; and rarely by apprehending the grammatical reason for the proper construction. Mr. B. has, as we learn, been very successful as a teacher; and is at present attached, in that capacity, to the grammar school of Columbia College. His "French Reader" has been lying for some weeks on our table. Its title explains its main design. It is intended as "A step to translation by progressive exercises, in which the English translation of the French is entirely excluded; leading the pupil gradually from the first elements of the language, through its greatest difficulties." It contains also a treatise on pronunciation. The latter is more minute and extensive than that contained in the grammar. It seems to be complete; and the teacher's now well-practised ear has, as far as we are able to judge, enabled him to represent, in all cases in which it is possible, the various sounds of French syllables by those which correspond to them in our own language.

He observes, and with much truth, that young learners are generally taught to translate from the French by means of Fables and selections, containing many words which they may never have occasion to use; and though the dialogues in common use supply them with the ordinary small change of conversation, they do not learn from them the construction of sentences, or the grammatical solution of phrases. The collections of fables, &c. generally, (and indeed for convenience they must) have translations of most of the words and phrases in English subjoined; and, the lesson having been said, these slip from the memory immediately, or burthen it for a time with what is rarely or never called for, in the learner's onward progress. Mr. Bœuf therefore prefixes a vocabulary of such nouns and verbs as are to be used in each exercise, with their meaning in English; the exercises themselves being altogether untranslated, and questions as to the grammatical construction of each being annexed. This system is observed throughout, beginning with the simplest uses of the verbs *avoir* and *etre* in connexion with nouns and adjectives, and ending with the unclassifiable gallicisms. These exercises are not a re-coction or new arrangement with a few modifications of the immemorial ones used, no doubt, long before the days of Chambaud and Perrin; but have been carefully prepared by the teacher; and will, we doubt not, meet the approbation of all those engaged in the business of instruction, not wedded to particular patent systems, or who have not published grammars and exercises on their own account. Mr. Bœuf's books strike us

as being characterised by good sense, without any quackery; and in this age of utility, their merits should not be neglected.

From the Courier and Enquirer.

Bœuf's new French Reader.—J. F. A. Bœuf, an eminent French teacher of this city, has just published a French reader, on an entire new plan. This plan excludes the English translation of the French, and leads the pupil gradually from the first elements of the language through its greatest difficulties. The work also contains a very comprehensive treatise on pronunciation. Mr. Bœuf is well known for a very admirable French Grammar which he published here a short time since. The present work is executed with equal talent and industry.

From the Evening Post.

Bœuf's French Reader.—The intelligent author of a French Grammar which appeared here a year or two since, Mr. Jos. F. A. Bœuf, has just published a book called the *French Reader*, containing a series of exercises by which the learner is gradually conducted from the simplest elements of the language through its greatest difficulties. The phrases which compose these exercises are chosen with great care and judgment, and well arranged. It is intended that they shall be used with a grammar, and at the beginning of each lesson, to point out to the student the degree of grammatical knowledge with which he must have prepared himself in order to master the lesson. No English translation of the exercises is given, but they are so contrived as to render it unnecessary, the capacity of translating them being made to depend upon the recollection and intelligence of the learner. A treatise on pronunciation precedes the exercises.

From the Daily Advertiser.

The French Reader.—A small work of neat appearance and convenient form, has been published by Mr. Joseph F. A. Bœuf, professor of the French in Columbia College, intended as a step to translation, by progressive exercises, on a new plan. The English translation is entirely excluded, the meaning of unknown words in each lesson being communicated on a preceding page, as well as the rules there exemplified. A few simple nouns are first taught, then the verbs "to be" and "to have," with which useful phrases are constructed. The

variations of these and other important parts of speech, with new words, are thus gradually taught; and by a natural, interesting, and intelligible progress, the pupil is led on, step by step, by a sure and regular way, in which his improvement will probably be very clearly manifest. We have not time to give all the minor points in which the plan of Mr. Bœuf appears to us to be sound and useful; but would rather recommend the work to students of the language. It is small but sufficiently comprehensive for the objects designed.

From the American.

FRENCH READER; or, a Step to Translation by Progressive Exercises, on a New Plan. By J. F. A. Bœuf. De Behr, 108, Broadway.—This work is the sequel of a French grammar published by M. Bœuf about two years ago; and a glance at the latter will best show the plan upon which it is constructed. In most grammars the memory alone is exercised, and the cleverness of the pupil goes for nothing; a crowd of difficulties and distinctions are hurried over in silence,—the learning of particular phrases being substituted in their stead,—and idiomatic arrangements of words are pointed out by figures placed beneath them. M. Bœuf's system is just the reverse of this: he dispenses altogether with this mechanical apparatus, and substitutes in their place a number of ingenious rules of his own invention, by the application of which the pupil is surely and luminously guided in the course of his studies. Having mastered these rules, and, by the aid of them, become thoroughly familiar with French syntax, the student finds himself already well based in the language, and passes on with facility to the French Reader. Here again Mr. B. adheres to the first principle of his system. Every step is explained as the pupil proceeds, each peculiarity of construction being supplied with some explanatory rule, and the progress of the learner facilitated by the gradual manner in which he proceeds to encounter the more formidable difficulties of the language. The rules, exercises and examples with which the volume is supplied, exhibit a good deal of industry and no little ability; and we trust that Mr. Bœuf will reap the reward of ingenuity so usefully applied by a proportionate demand for his book.

From the Mercantile Advertiser.

Teaching French.—Mr. Bœuf has sent us a copy of his

"French Reader," 2d edition, corrected, improved and enlarged; and we take advantage of the occasion to express our very favourable opinion of this gentleman's method of "Teaching French," which we conceive to be founded upon just and philosophical principles, commencing with the inculcation of those primary subjects, which, without loading the memory of the student with a mass of ill-arranged and cumbrous definitions, give him an early insight into the genius of the language. Thus, by making him acquainted with the roots and conjugations of the principal regular verbs, and particularly with such as are most commonly used, he enables him, by successive readings, to avail himself of this knowledge in its application to all the others. And so with the irregular and other verbs. Phrases and sentences are judiciously selected or ingeniously composed to suit all these purposes; and there is no waste of time in learning that which is not immediately applicable to facilitate the progress of the student. Indeed, Mr. Bœuf's plan is entirely new, and possesses all the advantages that acute philological powers, and a cultivated and philosophical mind could give it. To attempt an analysis of it, in this place, would be impossible; so we refer those desirous of becoming acquainted with this elegant, and at present, necessary language, to the author himself; whose various publications and very successful practice give the best evidence of the excellence of his method.

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